messing about in BOATS

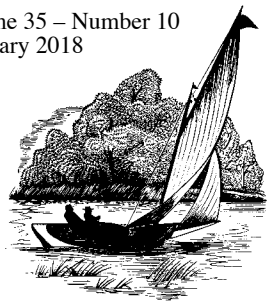
Special Features This Issue

Kids in Boats - A Half Century of Boating
A Twist to Recreational Rowing
The Lifeboat Disaster of 1886
Bounty's Launch — Blandford's Are the Best

Volume 35 – Number 10 February 2018

messing about in BOATS
29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 35 – Number 10
February 2018



US subscription price is $32 for one year.Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request
Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906
There is no machine
Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:
Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

In This Issue...

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

This issue features a return to the topic of lifeboats, one featured in our November issue with my over the top review of John Stilgoe's book, *Lifeboat*, and Keith Muscott's Part 1 of "The Lifeboat Disaster of 1886," reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, the journal of the UK's Dinghy Cruising Association, which Keith edits. Part 2 of Keith's report arrived in latest *Dinghy Cruising* (which is a quarterly publication) and it ran over 11 pages! I thought about serializing it but decided to just go with it all, so you'll be a while reading it. But, it is fascinating stuff from over 125 years ago and winter nights for reading are long, so enjoy.

Far behind in page count, but nevertheless fairly lengthy, are Joshe Withe's "Kids in Boats" at four pages and Dan Rogers' "View from AlmostCanada" at six pages. In the latter case it appears that we are in for a long ride on Dan's current project, "*Miss Kathleen* Goes Under the Knife," in which Dan pretty much plans to destroy his handiwork of only two years ago in pursuit of his latest dream concept. This issue's six pages include ten of Dan's "chapters" at the end of which he is still trying to get *Miss Kathleen* into his shop so he can begin working on her. To understand why this is taking so long, you gotta read about it on pages 38-43.

Waiting in my inbox already are 33 more "chapters" from Dan and this is just at the beginning of putting together the March issue! Back in mid December, Dan suddenly lost all his stuff in his "hard drive" and was temporarily (if not forever, he wasn't sure) bereft of material with which to carry on. As one who has to depend utterly on my Mac computer for putting out this magazine, I was sympathetic, but a lurking sense of possible cessation of the stream of news from way out there caused me to think that this might give me some time to gain some ground getting it all into print. It was a short break only, though, and I now have to see what I can do for March to stay with it before it all becomes ancient history.

And lo, as I look into the March issue contents already in hand, I find yet more lengthy articles, each deserving its place on our pages. "Building a West Mersea Duck Punt Variation of a Sawfish Kayak," by Mark Frost, is a detailed presentation of building one of Josh Withe's foam kayaks with about 40 photos showing the step by step project. The first three pages of layouts are already done in anticipation of it going into this February issue but it didn't make the cut. I estimate at least another three will be needed to complete the article for our pages. So maybe there's at least this six pager already lined up in front.

But already done and waiting is a seven pager reprinted from an 1892 issue of *The Century Magazine*, "Coast and Inland Yachting," sent to us by Dick Winslow. What's this about my interest in these 1880-90 articles anyway? In this case it is the viewpoint of the writer, obviously a member of the East Coast yachting establishment, who reviews all the different types of yachts to be had during those prosperous years for those who choose to become "yachters" (his word, not mine). His closing sentence sums up the tone of the times and his place in them: "Yachting is a pastime that appeals only to those traits of character which are found in the manly man." Too much, you're gonna have to read all of it in the March issue.

Well, no problem about having enough news to fill our next issue, a situation that many club newsletter editors would love to live with. Professionals in this publishing game would no doubt suggest that I EDIT stuff, for isn't an EDITOR what I am? Shorten up those lengthy articles into bite-sized remnants, or just not even run them. As I am not burdened with an education in journalism or creative writing, I much prefer to let each writer tell his tale in his own words and not run each manuscript past a "style book" to turn it into "pasteurized" writing that all reads the same.

This is all very well, some might say, but what am I gonna do about Dan Rogers? How am I gonna catch up with (or even get ahead of) his input? I dunno right now, I'll think of something. My daughter, who is not a boat nut but gets to see everything that goes into each issue when she formats it into the current hi-tech electronic thingie that zooms off to the printer 100 miles away via the "cloud," thinks Dan's stuff is "a hoot." So do many of us all, judging by responses over time. So, I'll come up with something.

On the Cover...

This month's cover image is from Jacob Heinrich's report, which appeared 25 years ago on our pages, about rowing across Lake Ontario in his specially fitted out pulling boat, which story reappears on pages 14 and 15 in this issue as our "25 Years Ago in *MAIB*" feature.

My Old Town Rowboat Project

By Bob Hicks

Part 1: The Barn Find

In my January issue "Commentary" I rambled on about the pleasures of winter shop time and mentioned that I might even undertake a small boat restoration project as follows:

"…a whole new potential project arose when I read about the following opportunity in Steve Lapey's Norumbega Chapter WCHA newsletter: '16' Old Town Double Ended Rowboat: As this unusual rowboat is equipped with sponsons, it would make a very stable rowing boat. It needs a full restoration as it had been **barn stored** for most of the past 50 years.' I figured that for only $150 it might be worth a shot."

Well, I went for it and now it sits on my trailer in the yard as I write this on December 31, awaiting moving into its winter home in the unused greenhouse attached to my barn workshop. The former owner had this to say about the boat and it lived up to his description I felt:

"It was purchased by my grandfather in the '20s or '30s and used periodically through the '60s on a pond. We used to fill it with kids. I dreamed of giving it a working restoration and competing in the Blackburn challenge with it. It is set up for two oarsmen and can actually move pretty fast. I am missing one oarlock (they twist into a brass seat). It has been missing the rudder for a long time but the hardware that stays with the boat is still there.

They told me at Old Town years ago that they still have the mold for this boat and at least at that time I could still order one for a five figure sum. At least two planks on each side of the keel probably need replacing, we punched two holes through one of them moving it. It is a big boat 16' long and 4' wide with the sponsons but we moved it on a good sized station wagon.

It has been well supported in storage and looks true although it is not a cream puff. I would love to see it go to somebody who realistically could float it again. Given all my competing interests, I made an agreement with my wife to admit defeat and surrender this item."

And so the saga begins. First move is to haul it over to Steve Lapey's Stevens Canoe Works in nearby Groveland for his expert evaluation of what am I undertaking. In my March report you'll find out what I find out in "Part 2: The Evaluation."

Above: Arrival at is new home, in background is the greenhouse in which it will spend the winter. Below left, looks good from the rear. Below right, 30+ years ago, Jane with our previous Old Town.

You write to us about...

Salutes to Constant Waterman...

Never Did Spot Your Mermaid

Just read about your retirement from the pages of *MAIB* and must say that I am saddened. You and I have cruised the same waters but I certainly was favored to see these waters through different eyes as I paddled my way through your writings and musings. For more than ten years now I have kept a vigilant lookout for your mermaid, sunning herself on a rock in Fishers Island Sound, but my eyes are not as sharp as yours.

Matthew, you have brought joy, peace and humor to thousands of readers and our lives have been enriched. Thank you.

Kent Lacey, Captain Commanding, Steam Launch *Golden Eagle*, Old Lyme, CT

Did Not Talk Down to His Readers

Cheers to Matthew Goldman for his valedictory column. Like Kenneth Grahame, he did not talk down to his readers. Hail and farewell!

Kent Mulliken, Chapel Hill, NC

Food for Thought in About Every Line

Just read Mr Goldman's final scribbling in your current *MAIB* and went over it a second time. Left us a lot to ponder and a few more icons prostrate I hope. He covers alot of ground in less than a page and lots of it covered in his special way, eh. Left me somehow a bit saddened and wishing for more of his work yet ahead for our enjoyment. Yes, and he puts it all together in a way that is never a puzzle, food for thought in about every line.

Joe Bolger, Barre MA

Activities & Events...

Barnacle Regatta and Chowder Party

Join us for the 22nd Annual Regatta and Chowder Party at The Barnacle in Coconut Grove, Florida! The Ralph Middleton Munroe Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association is hosting the 22nd Annual Washington's Birthday Regatta at The Barnacle Historic State Park in Coconut Grove, Florida, home of famous Sharpie sailboat designer "Commodore" Ralph Middleton Munroe. The weekend event includes Friday Night Concert at The Barnacle, Saturday Regatta on Biscayne Bay, Saturday Night Chowder Party and Awards at The Barnacle, Sunday "Mail Run" Fun Sail on Biscayne Bay. Since this is a reenactment of the first Regatta organized on Biscayne Bay in the winter of 1887, small sailing craft of "traditional" rig are encouraged to participate! Register your boat today and be a part of sailing history.

Barnacle Historic State Park, Coconut Grove FL, Jessica.Cabral@dep.state.fl.us

Information of Interest...

Life's Last Great Adventures

A wonderful commentary in the October issue, much more to the point and heartfelt than AARP which, I suspect, is written by young people. I loved the cover story of Winston Maxwell. It's a story of the foot on the gas until the foot no longer works. I hope we all can be as true to our dreams and aspirations. In 36 years with runabouts I haven't had quite such a determined octogenarian customer. One man I bought a boat from purchased a 23' fiberglass boat he admired, ran her 15 minutes in November and passed away several days later. The dealer took the boat back from his widow and sold it as a "demonstrator."

The "best" story (if talking about someone's death can be a good, better or best) was about a good customer and friend who decided to refuse treatment for liver cancer and ran his boat by himself on a Sunday up at his lifetime cottage on a lake in the Adirondacks and died on Wednesday. His son-in-law called me to let me know and I said that I didn't even know he was sick. "Neither did I," was the answer.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

My Paddling in Greenland on YouTube

I sought to explain through these four videos now on YouTube what it was really like and what was on my mind as I was paddling my kayak all those years in Greenland. These videos are products of extensive video editing to better display what I saw. Whew! some project.

My Greenland Long Haul Expedition Kayak, a new folding expedition kayak.
https ://youtu.be/9AXm DX9BmSg

Life of My Kayaking Equipment 1991-2011, https://youtu.be/G0hNa6qBTvg

A Big Change in the Ice, 2005-2008 Kayaking Upernavik Icefjord. In 2008 I find that there is too much ice to paddle my kayak across Upernavik Icefiord even though the crossing was fine in 2005.

2011 Upernavik to Simiataq Island, a kayak trip to an island filled with interesting moments for the video camera, nothing like camping right on the edge of a bunch of icebergs and then a storm. https://youtu.be/owfVQxmFjfc

Gail Ferris, 140 John Brady Dr, POB 6526, Sitka, AK 99835, (203) 481-4539, www.nkhori.zons.com www.nkhorizons.com/indexwlthvideos.htm

My Latest Dreamboat

Here are the plans I sent you, there are a few clips on the net and on you tube about the boat. I searched under https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M2GJM4lEIU or something to the effect of Ron Mueller's Eco Cat 55. A chap by name of Bernard Koehler designed it, there are also articles on him. And I bought the plans through Duckworks.

I still prefer a ready made aluminum hull but to get what this boat seems to offer would need 7-10k in motor. I can afford a bigger motor if need be but I would really like not having to do that for many reasons.

Half the fun I have is trying to crack the code on how to do the maximum boating for the least cash.

I now tend to prefer boats I can stand up in, at least a little bit for choppy water or wakes, as I find the extra height gives me a better vantage point as my vision sucks. My legs act as shock absorbers so the old brain doesn't take any more punishment than I already give it. Just old age!

Johnny Mac, Morehead City, NC

Perhaps, One Day, the Chicken Will Dance

Always a treat to discover someone who has the tenacity to attempt to figure it out on their own. Congratulations to Gloria Burge who has managed to notch just one less than a dozen episodes of this particular quest. We, here at Frankenwerke, have an entire department, heavily tasked but marginally staffed, who spend their every waking hour attempting to find a use for discarded ideas and orphaned relics. Keep at it Gloria. One day that chicken will dance, er float!

Dan Rogers, Almostcanada

Smaller Yet

A couple of people recently told me my 12 was just to small for them to go with me. My next build is a bit smaller at 10'5", it's called a NED, or Nesting Expedition Dinghy.

Michael Beebe, TX

CBMM News

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum recently had the opportunity to strengthen its international connections and share knowledge of traditional boat building skills with an even broader audience. Thanks to a partnership with Skol ar Mor, a maritime school in France, two shipwright apprentices, Martin Bogaerts and Emeline Marc, spent five weeks in St Michaels under the tutelage of CBMM's master shipwrights.

"There's really a deficit of skilled boat builders today and even fewer trained on Chesapeake Bay wooden boats," said CBMM Boatyard Manager Michael Gorman. "We're happy that we have the opportunity to teach those skills and keep them alive in future shipwrights, and on an international basis."

Beyond restoration and public programming, CBMM's Shipyard works to pass fading maritime skills on to a new generation of wooden boat builders. The Shipwright Apprentice Program provides the skills and experience of a working boatyard and bridges the gap for those coming out of wooden boat building schools and programs.

While here, Bogaerts and Marc received on the job training, a chance to learn about traditional Chesapeake Bay boat building and the opportunity to assist with the historic restoration of 1889 bugeye *Edna E. Lockwood*. As reported in recent issues, CBMM Shipyard is restoring the queen of the fleet and National Historic Landmark. All work takes place in full public view through 2018, when *Edna* will be placed on the marine railway and launched at CBMM's OysterFest in October.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, St Michaels, MD

Information Wanted...

About That E-Class Ice Yacht

I would like to obtain information about Irwin Schuster's E-Class Ice Yacht pictured in the January issue, including when and by whom first designed, the durability of the steering mechanism and skates, it is sailed, whether the cockpit could be modified to accommodate a 220lb man and 40lb to 80lb pound child, the time to break down and set up, the availability of the sails, where the sails are made and for how much, the total cost if purchased and the general specifications and designs for building the boat. Can anyone help?

John L. Ahlgren, 2 Tide Mill Rd, Greenland, NH, 03840 (603-591-6437 cell)

This Magazine...

Quality Has Never Wavered

Congratulations! You and *MAIB* are the "last man standing." Other subscriptions have come and gone and *MAIB* is the only one I have left. Not sure how long, actually (started somewhere in the 1990s, I think) but every issue is perfection unto itself. The quality of *MAIB* has never wavered. With all the chaos in the world today *MAIB* is my dandelion break that brings me back to what is important, a body of water, a boat and the knowledge that I am not the only one out here who is a little off center. 'Til coal sprouts flowers…

Jon DeGroot, Otisville, MI

Hit a Home Run

I just got your December issue and saw the wonderful responses to Tony Davis' piece. You, he and the magazine hit a home run with that one!

Friend Kurt is off on round the world cruise, he will go with a couple of his sailing buddies. Hopefully he will not end up like the two women who were in the news recently for having drifted, disabled, across the Pacific. I've read that some are suspicious that it was really a publicity stunt (book deal?) rather than true distress. It seems unwise to go to sea with a rig that could become so damaged that sail could not be set, even with the mast still standing.

This all ties in with Suzanne Altenburger's great piece on flotation and survival.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

Short Notes of Approval

The stories, news and info help me get through the long New England winter and dream of next summer.

Dana Flaherty, Milton, MA

I want to tell you how much my husband and I enjoy your magazine. Myles often reads "Over the Horizon" out loud because it's my favorite.

Patricia Swift, Florence, OR

So glad you are still doing this!

Livingston Morris, Devon, PA

I look forward every month to the magazine. Thanks for the time, care and effort you put into it.

Chris Noynaert, College Station, TX

Thanks again for your remarkable attitude, persistence, reliability and magazine.

Bob Norris, Pt Charlotte, FL

It's Been 40 Years

It's been 40 years this coming summer since one of my very best voyages of discovery. I was certain that I would return soon and again and again. It was just simply fabulous. I never made it back.

Things have a way of turning out the way they are going to turn out. It's mostly about the choices we make. Mostly. So many of the high, clear notes get swallowed up by the static and hum of everyday life.

I topped out at 50-23'32.54"N/125-09'29.14"W, Canadian Stuart Island, Yuculta Rapids, a place where crystalline white glacial melt from the northeast meets with cold Pacific Ocean water from the northwest and with the warm water captured in a maze of rocks and fjords and islands just to the south. Barely, the edge of the beginning, and it was time to turn around. And now 40 years have come and gone.

This time, I hope, that I can manage to get past the perimeter. No, it doesn't really matter, not really, but we can all use a target. The goal is just to shove off and head north and, after a while, one rock looks a lot like the next one. More of a mind game than anything else. Trips like this one can be about finding the perfect cove, the best gunkhole, the World's Most Scenic BBQ Anchorage even. The idea is to head out to someplace new, someplace not completely easy to get to.

That summer of 1978, the only time I ever got this far north in my own boat, came at the end of a very dismal decade for many of us. Things could only get better and I suppose they did, but that was as far as I ever got in that direction anyway, travelling the way I still think that I'd like to travel, my own boat, my own schedule, a new adventure, a new place, an old dream.

So here I sit, it's just a few days before Christmas 2017. June has a nice ring to it. *Miss Kathleen*, the boat that I built for this sort of voyage, is completely dismantled and undergoing a complete rebuild at the moment. There's a new to us tandem axle trailer under her that still needs to meet up with the highway patrol inspector. It's cold out and snowing. We have other messabouts and cruises we plan to attend from spring to fall. This won't be the first, or last, likely. I say that with a bit of fatalism. Certainly nothing happens if we don't get started working on it. So here's the notion, just a vague outline and could be the best way forward is to just keep it that way.

That rough outline. The racers for the Race to Alaska head out from Port Townsend on June 14, 2018. I'd like to be in the tag-along fleet. I'd like to tag along behind for a while. I haven't been to Victoria since 1978 either. Sure, everything is different, more people, more boats, bigger boats. I have to go farther north to get away from the most of it. OK, so I have to go farther. So fine.

No matter what, we all have to dream our own dreams. We have to make our own plans, pursue our own adventures. But what I'm hoping is that somewhere "out there" is somebody else with a similar dream, a similar boat and a similar need to shove off and head north this year. It would grand to have another boat along to anchor with, transit with. Somebody to raft up with for chow in that perfect cove someplace up north. Maybe you know somebody like that.

We never know how many voyages we're gonna get but, it could be a lot fewer if we never shove off and head north. A whole lot fewer.

The Bucket List

By Dan Rogers

Whatif?

Whatif I took a really old idea and tumbled it around a bit? Whatif I took a slightly different cast of characters and wrote a slightly different screenplay? It has to do with wanting to attend a number of small boat messabouts this coming year. Many of these events are single day or weekend affairs, no extended cruises involved, just stock standard messabouts.

Except not a one of 'em is less than 300 miles from the home 20. What seems to happen is I drag the big power boat off to a gathering of small rowing and sailing boats in order to have a travel trailer for the trip and a bivouac during the event. I tend to skip a lot of these events for want of the "ideal" combination. Maybe you know somebody like this.

I actually do have a delightful little cockleshell sailing dink, clinker hull, teak trim, spruce boom. Cute. Kinda tiddley for people with high mileage joints and kinda complex to rig, but that little girl has been asking me about maybe doing a mini electric launch conversion to include intuitive controls and "conversation pit" seating. More on that in a bit. The sort of boat I can put a little kid in and point him (or her) away from the dock with reasonable hope they will find their way home again. But messabouts really call for having at least some sort of sailboat along.

Speaking of messabouts, when I started going to SCUZBUM gatherings on San Diego Bay way back when Reagan was still sitting in Arnold's (er, Jerry's) chair, the idea was to bring one or more boats and loan 'em out. We would "hand the keys" over to somebody and then go try out somebody else's boat. It was really quite a unique opportunity to sample a real wide range of designs, all in a matter of a few hours. Well, that's the way I still do it but it helps to have a boat along that can be stuck in the water at the mere mention. And it's a good idea to have a boat that the normal messer can operate without a whole lot of chalk talks and demos.

Or, if I am simply going to take somebody out with me, it's a splendid gesture to invite them along in a boat that's big enough to accommodate guests. So you see, it's really in poor taste, and possibly against the rules, to show up at a messabout with only one boat. Rather gauche.

So what I need is a trailer that carries more than one boat but not quite as many as this one. But with some of this stuff. One of those boats would look like this one but probably right side up.

And since a real live sailboat is pretty close to a requirement, this would be likely be the candidate.

But this trailer just won't do, too small and too high up.

Something more like this one but not exactly this one.

Because it has to be able to do this without obstructions and objections. Just go launch without delay like this.

Just pop the rig up and sail away with at least one or two other boats still on the trailer. Or launch one of them without needing to "unpack my whole seabag." This is an invention the like of one I saw once with a Class A motor home that was towing a skiboat on a trailer with a couple of jet skis in a rack over the top. Now that's waaaaaay over the top for a messabout rig. So there's some simplicating to do. Not a whole lot. Some. We'll get back to that someplace later in the Building Season. And that bivouac. This one has just enough wide, but too much long.

From Annie Holmes
Mother of all Scuzbums, Ret

Dan, at those early messabouts we camped on the beach and hardly anybody brought more than one boat. We each tried to try out all the boats that were brought. I learned a lot about what I liked in boats by doing that. We also brought guitars and banjos, etc and sang or listened around campfires. The kids who came were lots of fun. They helped Dudley and I put on the chili dinners and pancake breakfasts and I rewarded them for doing good deeds. Some of them built their own boats, too.

In those days nobody had cell phones and not that many of us had computers. The newsletter was handmade and snail mailed out. Our annual Giant Messabout was five days long. Good fun.

A Moment of Reflection on Those Who Do It Right

I've had the privilege of getting to know, at least somewhat, a number of gentlemen who actually know what they are doing and I mean to say that in several levels of discourse. In stark contrast is the ragtag crew here at Frankenwerke, lost someplace in the outlands in the snowy wastes of Almostcanada. When folks march across a parking lot, or walk out on a pier someplace, to ask me about my latest floating creation and yes, it happens a lot, I typically tell them that, "This is what results when a cluttered mind has access to sharp tools." These other guys actually have sharper tools. They also do know what they are doing. But more importantly, they know what they are going to do next.

It does seem doubtful that I will ever bother to get as proficient as the fellows I'm attempting to compliment. We all have our places in this small craft diaspora we inhabit with differing levels of acumen, energy and resources. I'm not unproud of my own self proclaimed niche but let me tell you something.

I have actually had the quite remarkable opportunity to sit across the dinner table from John Wellsford. I got to mix up epoxy in Mike Monies' shop. I got to argue about rudder design with Michael Storer while we each foraged for breakfast on Mr Monies' back porch. I've gotten to talk about multihulls with Richard Woods. I've anchored out with Marty Loken, talked with Howard Rice, stood in the Maritime Center lot and talked with Bob Miller and corresponded with Pete Leenhouts for a couple of years. My own Small Craft Hall of Fame doesn't begin to stop there, just my short term memory for names. Perhaps you know somebody like that. Someplace near the top of that list is Everybody's Friend and certainly a guy I call my friend, Our Father who Art in Harper.

What am I driveling and yelping around the feet of? These guys actually know what a boat they are involved with designing and building is gonna look like when it's finished! You just may not think that's all so very unusual and likely you'd be right. But I also think it takes patience and skill and a real love for the art of the thing. And on a day like today, when I really don't have clue what I'm gonna do next, I naturally wander back to those pretty damn special conversations I've had, at what I refer to as "moments at feet of the masters." May we all have those really cool opportunities.

Now damn it! Get back to work and turn some more perfectly good pine trees into dust, noise, chips and a few useful parts, willya? Gettin' a little too quiet…

Kids in Boats

By Josh Withe

My wife never went out in a small boat until she was dating me. Since then she has spent many hours in rowboats, canoes and now kayaks. We have four kids, currently age 6 to 15. They all love to swim, love to go in the boats and each has their own kayak. My sister also has four kids, each of them is within a year in age of ours, each of them has a boat I built. We go on a canoe camping trip with them each year in the Adirondacks, and they also look forward to some time exploring the beaver pond behind my parent's house on the weekends we all get together. I don't claim to be an expert but can also claim to have gotten all eight hooked on small boats.

Taking kids boating is a topic that comes up often on the websites and Facebook pages I'm on. Most often it starts with the expectant parent wondering how soon they can take a baby in the kayak or canoe. With the first question being, do they make life jackets for infants? The answer is yes, but with the real question being how big of a baby are we talking about? Just like people, babies come in all shapes and sizes. What fits one newborn will fit another five-month-old.

The best bet is to take the baby to the store and try the some vests on. This will most likely be very unpopular with the staff, patrons and baby! A life jacket is a very uncomfortable thing with a big flap of flotation on the back of the neck and extra foam in the front to keep the head up. By the time it is zipped and the crotch strap buckled the kid will be very uncomfortable. Make sure it has a grab handle on the top of the flotation neck bib. I just saw one with a tether sewn on there that said "not a handle" in big letters. A grab handle is needed to get a kid back into the boat! This whole operation will best be done right after a feeding and not during nap time, so bring mom or the bottle to settle them back down after finding the jacket that can be adjusted all the way in to fit them.

Since babies grow rapidly, make sure the life jacket has plenty of adjustment left, probably starting with one that is adjusted nearly all the way in. If it doesn't have plenty of extra room, it won't fit them by the end of the summer, let alone next season.

Getting the baby back out of the store as fast as possible will be the only way to stop the dirty looks from the rest of the people in the store (once settled down in the car take out the ear plugs).

Save the boating for the hot months of summer, remember a baby is tiny and not putting any effort into making the boat go. We have taken ours out in the early spring when the air was OK but the water was cold, bundled up like eskimos, not the best option, but we don't have much choice in Maine. Dress them in one more layer than needed until it is hot enough to get you sweating in your swim stuff. And always bring a towel and blanket sealed in a watertight container in case they get dunked.

Putting the life jacket on at the launch site will be a repeat of the performance in the store most likely. The baby will discover that it cannot sit, crawl or even be held as close to the mother as it would like and will let you know as loudly and often as it can. For a newborn this will mean stopping to let the baby feed. Once the fuel tank is topped they tend to sleep. The large flotation bib on the back of the life jacket is an excellent pillow, bring a boat cushion or two for it to sleep on, along with a blanket. An umbrella or beach sun shade will keep the sun from its eyes and save it from that first nasty sunburn. You do have baby sun block, correct?!

I recommend using a canoe for the first few years with a baby. A roomy, stable rowboat for two or more would also be great but 99% of the population doesn't own one, let alone know the joy of rowing a well laid out pulling boat.

In our case, the first few trips with the first baby left me with a super sore back. Paddling solo most of the time while my wife tended the baby killed my back unless the wind was totally calm. We kept the trips short, mostly dusk paddles of two hours or so. I ended up rigging some outriggers for oarlocks on my dad's Coleman canoe and the idea served until the fourth child came along.

With outriggers and oars, I sat on the forward seat, facing aft. My wife sat on the aft seat, facing forward, this allowed her to watch the kids, referee, snag the random bath toy that got dropped overboard, read, hand out snacks or paddle as conditions and whims demanded.

If you didn't catch the drift here I'll spell it out, kids need to be kept busy. While my kids have been raised with no mind rotting, ADHD inducing TV, they still needed something to do while cooped up in the back half of a canoe. Yes, I have ADD and it shows in them. I firmly believe the H in ADHD, for hyper activity, is entirely related to the constant stimulation they get from TV and video games. Keep them well disciplined and they will know how to behave without a mind numbing screen in front of them.

In any boat the first thing to have, along with the life jacket, is a bunch of cushions. A plastic canoe is hard and not the most comfortable thing to lie on. Plywood, fiberglass or aboomilum are even worse. By making a long cushioned area, we provided our kids padding to play or sit on and a large area to fall asleep on after sunset, rocked by the waves and motion of rowing, with the songs of the geese, ducks, frogs and loons as a lullaby (no wonder they are so hooked).

They've all been rocked to sleep in a boat, no wonder they look forward to a chance to swim or boat.

The next thing needed is a bunch of toys. Go through their bathtub toys, find the ones that float, float for a long time. Long enough to turn the boat around and retrieve them. In our case this came down to a bunch of those soft rubber cars with the plastic wheels and a dora doll with flippers. We kept these with the life jackets and they only saw them in the boat so they didn't get bored with the toys as fast.

Don't forget the snacks. Our kids looked forward to the canoe trips once they realized they got a sandwich baggie full of crackers, cookies or cereal to spread around the boat, feed to the fish or eat. And never forget the sippy cups/water bottles either! (I named our second modified Coleman canoe the *Cheerio* as I usually got a shower of them while putting the canoe on the van roof.)

Have a place to stop in mind. Kids can be held in suspense with the anticipation of a favorite swimming spot or an island to explore. Our favorite lake, Mousam, in Acton, Maine, has a beach where we stop to swim, it also has a neat, arched tunnel under Rt 109. Arched tunnels are great places to practice growling, screaming and anything else that makes a funny amplified echo.

Our favorite spot though was the remains of an island in the middle of the lake. When the water was high this was a sand bar just under the surface. Treacherous for the water skiers and motorboats, but perfect for us to drop anchor on and then swim or wade around. There was even a circle of boulders on

An early spring canoe trip in Maine. Lots of peanut butter and crackers and they were happy.

A normal summer cruise in our red canoe *Cheerio*.

Our third kid gets her first kayak ride. This is a model that has a jump seat in the front of the cockpit for a small child.

it that broke the force of the waves, allowing the toddlers to have a place to play in the water without wakes knocking them over. It was a very interesting feeling to be walking around in the middle of the lake, a half to a quarter of a mile from shore, ankle to knee deep. My son just asked me if we could go back there the other day, unfortunately Mousam is almost two hours drive away now.

Swimming on the sand bar in our favorite lake.

We also had another local lake to explore, an interesting one because it is man-made. Someone took mining equipment and dug a pond with many hilly islands on it. My wife and I have camped on most of the islands over the years and the kids looked forward to the promise to stop and explore one. Since we moved to a new area we've found a few islands to swim and camp on.

We never, ever let the kids in the boat without life jackets! My two oldest were totally afraid of the water, just getting water in their eyes in the bath tub left them frantically clawing their way out of the tub. We found a great program of swim lessons nearby and, after a few seasons, they went from terrified to swimming like fish. The younger two never really acquired a fear of water, thanks to the example of the older two. However, they all know they must put the life jackets on before getting close to the water or dock. Only if an adult is watching them are they allowed to swim or wade without life jackets.

Our oldest was the only one to ever have fallen out of the canoe. By age two she was fascinated by the water rushing by the canoe and would drag her fingers or toys in the water. One day she leaned too far and fell in, my wife grabbed her foot but didn't have the strength to lift her back into the canoe. I told my wife to let go as she was dragging the poor girl's head in the water. Her life jacket worked as advertised, turning her upright, in fact, she had only started to whimper in the time it took to get the boat stopped and backed up, mostly because she wanted to float upright and the life jacket was rolling her onto her back. After we retrieved her and wrapped her in a beach towel on mommy's lap, she only took a bit to get back to hanging over the rail to drag in the water. Only now she used two hands to firmly grab the rail while dragging her foot in the water.

Once the youngest is up to the stage where it can sit still or at least doesn't need to be held to keep from falling overboard, you can transition to a kayak. There are kayaks made with a little seat that faces aft at the front of the cockpit opening, in our case the two younger ones rode in the front of our Mouseboat cockpits while the older two paddled their own boats. This is OK for shorter paddles but always bring tow ropes.

The next stage in boating comes when a child is about six years old. By then they should be riding a bike without training wheels (a balance bike is mostly all they need to learn, I just removed the pedals from a bike to teach mine). Training wheels don't really teach them that much (http://m.instructables.com/id/teach-your-kid-to-ride-without-training-wheels/). From my own experience and from reading from others, kids are ready to be in command of a small boat around age six. However, my own experience has also been that their enthusiasm isn't as strong as their endurance. Take short trips on flat or slow moving water, bring a tow rope and expect to look back and see them not paddling.

I finally built a Mouseboat for my oldest when she was age seven or eight. Her first chance to use it was on our first Adirondack canoe trip with my sister's family (google "*Seagull* the Mouseboat"). While we were unloading the cars and loading the canoes, I put *Seagull* in the water, put Abby in and shoved her out, telling her to learn how to paddle. For the actual trip out to the campsite we towed *Seagull* though, as the trip would have been too far. When my son got his own boat it took him years to learn about speeds between flat out and drifting. He did his whole trips as a series of sprints and drifts.

The best way to build their endurance was to let my two oldest go off and paddle with my sister's two oldest. Each morning of the camping trip the four oldest take off in their Mouseboats and go explore the shoreline at some distant part, usually getting to enjoy the morning mist as the sun starts to burn it off. The four of them wait for each other but that goads them all to stick to paddling. This is a great reason to paint each boat a different color, at a distance it's impossible tell one paddler from another.

I've even let them stay out in the boats watching one cousin fish, until well after dark. The lake has almost no motorboats on it, their boats are unsinkable, none of them has ever fallen out of a Mouse (in spite of standing and paddling to race and standing on the ends), they all had life jackets on and knew to sit and paddle quietly to not spook the fish. In every case each kid has learned to paddle with a kayak paddle in less than one minute. This is when they still have trouble with a canoe paddle and would be lost with a set of oars.

This past winter I discovered another good point, my third child inherited *Seagull* from her older sister but, being the girly girl, never really paddled that far, she just doesn't have the endurance her older siblings did. Part of this had to do with the weight of the boat. *Seagull* was built with a heavy type of construction, making her slower in the water. I just created an 8' kayak design called Clownfish (search YouTube for "clownfish kayak"), to test the boat out I had my daughter try it out. She had no problems making the kayak go, she's gotten stronger and the boat weighs half of the plywood one. More importantly, Clownfish is not a short wide boat but instead has a longer streamlined shape in the water.

While the Mouseboat is a great first build and an OK boat to have a fleet of, mostly because they are easy to build, easy to transport and easy to store, they are not fast boats. I built a Larsboat to replace the *Cheerio* (and sold *Cheerio* for more than I paid for it). I wanted a tandem so I didn't have to wait for my wife on the water anymore. The Larsboat has a good sized cargo tank behind the cockpit. While studying the plans I figured this would be a great rumble seat.

On the first trip our youngest couldn't wait to get into the rumble seat. She loves to ride back there, often closing the lid over herself. I reach back and knock on the lid then to make her giggle. Her other stunt is to sit up on the rear deck and drag her feet in the water, just like her older sister in the canoe. The middle two kids never were that bold about hanging over the rail as toddlers so they never got to fall in. Then we moved to a fleet of small kayaks where they had lots of fun jumping in but never fell in.

The youngest kid is also the most fearless, she never fell in until this past summer. She rides in the stern cargo tank of our tandem kayak and when she gets bored she gets up on the deck and kicks her feet in the water. She really likes our new Sawfish 16, as she can stand on the aft deck and grab my head any time she needs to. This past summer she fell off of the aft deck because she was busy playing and lost her balance. Her life jacket works as advertised and we just backed up and let her climb aboard.

Our 6-year-old riding in the center hatch on my sawfish 16 tandem kayak. She does this on big water.

Another way she likes to ride on flat water, she hasn't fallen out yet this way. She grabs my head if she looses her balance.

My kids having fun at a beach we paddled to for lunch last summer, they flipped my son's kayak and used it as a diving platform.

The four of them checking out Dan Noyes *Centennial* replica at her launching. They love the *Swallows and Amazons* series and really want to go sailing in her.

If I was at the transitioning to the kayaks stage again, I would just build two of Jim Michalak's Totos, that way my wife and I could each haul a kid in the tank in back. Then when I wanted the tandem, the older two would have much faster boats to inherit. Of course, that might have kept me from experimenting with foam kayaks as quickly. Seafoam might have happened but I'm not sure about Sawfish and Clownfish.

My oldest and youngest in *Seagull*.

Another question I see often on paddling pages has to do with getting teenagers interested in kayaking. I believe the answer has to do with starting them as young as possible. The other answers seem to be having them try whitewater kayaking. It does seem that paddling is a sport for adults, with most polls showing age 50+ being the age group most involved, usually after giving up more punishing sports or being told to get moving by a doctor.

I expect all of my kids to build a boat as they get old enough, so far Abby has built the light scull training boat found on Hannu's boat yard, only she finished it as a tandem kayak. She and her younger sister can leave the rest of us in the dust if they want to (see her build album on my rowerwet facebook page in the Beta album).

Nick built a Sawfish 12 over winter 2016-2017, and launched it in July 2017 (*Sunburn* build album on my rowerwet facebook page). He loves the fact that he can carry his 12' kayak around by himself and makes a point of telling everyone we meet on the water that he built his kayak himself.

Nicolas building *Sunburn*.

Carrying *Sunburn* to the car for the big launch.

Testing the stability of *Sunburn*.

The competitive world of small sailing boats like the Optimist also seem to keep kids interested, though the entry cost is a bit much for most. The PDR seems like the answer to this, but in this age of bubble wrapped kids, who knows.

My sister and I still have fond memories of our time sailing Precision 16s with a crew of three or four kids at the American Yacht Club in Newburyport, Massachusetts. The foaming water just a few inches below while screaming along on a reach, hiked out on the rail until we could see the centerboard while the lower rail spilled waves in, is a rush we don't forget. I'm planning to build a foam PDR/duck punt this coming winter.

A few years ago a boat building website had a thread by a guy who was building a Bolger gull dory. He got the local kids involved with the build and paint. Last I saw those kids were out drowning worms with him and learning to row. He built it to comply with doctor's orders to exercise, those kids got a free education about the best things in life!

There are plenty of gateway things out there leaving kids addicted to what will kill them, I call small boats a gateway to a life time addiction with positive side effects. You owe it to your kids, grandkids, nieces, nephews, church or neighborhood kids to get them out in a boat!

My sister giving a ride to my niece in my wife's Mouseboat.

This is the way our youngest rides on quiet water, she and my son like to play a game, seeing if he can bump our stern without her grabbing his bow handle. She also will tie his bow line to our stern without us knowing. She's fallen in a few times doing this, always with a life jacket on.

Surfing in my parents Yak board.

Our oldest in the stitch and glue plywood kayak she built two years ago. She paddles tandem with her younger sister. She has a very fast kayak, made from the light sculling trainer found on Hannu's boat yard.

The water was freezing cold but the waves were great.

My son and I launched our new sawfish kayaks this past summer. He built his sawfish 12 kayak, *Sunburn*. I built the first sawfish 16, *Tango*. This picture is the moment we launched.

A Half Century of Boating

By Susan Gateley

It's a time honored custom to set down a few words to take stock as the new year begins, so here goes. 2018 marks 50 years since I began my sailing career. For a half century I have sailed for pleasure (and modest profit, too, through writing and teaching about sailing) on freshwater and salt. There have been quite a few changes in the recreational boating scene since I first stepped aboard Lightning #878 with my Mom and Dad on a July morning in 1968.

In 1974 I attended a boat show of sorts in Rhode Island and picked up a copy of a newly launched magazine called *WoodenBoat*. I was attracted by the cover photo of a small launch that I remembered seeing up at the Clayton Wooden Boat show in the Thousand Islands area of Lake Ontario a year or two before. This was the first time I realized biodegradable boats (some of them anyway) were now collectable.

By the time I began boating, the recreational fleet had already largely converted over to fiberglass. There were still some tired but somewhat serviceable canal crawlers and other wooden motorboats around upstate's lakes and bays that were suitable for the budget minded. The aged Buffalo built Richardson cruisers, along with various Matthews and Chris Craft Connies found refuge on the New York State Barge Canal (aka the Erie) for a good decade or two after they mostly disappeared from Lake Ontario.

There were also still a fair number of smaller plywood lapstrake runabouts by Penn Yan, Thompson and the popular Lyman skiffs along with various wooden one design dinghies for beginning sailors to launch their sailing careers with. At the working man's yacht club we joined in 1968 (annual dues $60 a year plus a modest docking fee) we had a fleet of a half dozen biodegradable Lightning day sailers plus a handful of larger wooden sailboats that included a boat built to Chapelle's design for a 24' plywood sharpie ketch that I thought was the most magnificent yacht I'd ever seen.

A decade later, though, when I decided to upgrade from my Lightning to something bigger and more seaworthy for cruising Lake Ontario, the supply of woodies had pretty much literally dried up (or rotted away). I looked at a very mushy plywood Thunderbird, a scary 27' fin keeler with a deep bilge filled with concrete and one fairly sound Yugoslavian built double ender that was way out of my price range ($3000 dollars tops). She was too big, in my opinion, for easy single handing anyway. It was pretty slim pickings by then on the south shore of Lake Ontario as far as wooden cruising boats went. But prices of even smaller fiberglass cruisers were hopelessly beyond the reach of my uncertain and meager income.

Even on saltwater by then the woodie was becoming an oddity in many harbors despite the greater cultural diversity of boats in New England compared to Lake Ontario. I recall just two biodegradable cruising sailboats in the Newburyport mooring field in 1974, a very hogged Friendship sloop and a nice little Atkins cutter.

I did eventually get my hands on a 23' home built William Crosby Osprey. She was launched in the late 1940s and had narrowly escaped a July 4 bonfire before her previous owner bought her for back storage fees. *Ariel* was a simple boat with a hull form that I fancied resembled an overweight Snipe. She was lightly ballasted and relied largely on hull form to stay atop the steeper larger waves we encountered, which she did. Much like a big fat puddle duck she kept me dry and safe for 17 years of lake cruising. I pushed her and myself pretty hard a few times and did a few dumb moves with her but she never let me down.

Sailing *Ariel* with my budget lauan dinghy astern c.1985.

In 1998 I finally caught up with the rest of the world by going in on a three way partnership on a fiberglass boat. The 32' Chris Craft Cherokee proved a highly satisfactory cruiser for ten years. With her classic design and lavish amounts of teak trim she could almost pass for a wooden boat except for that gray metal stove pipe of a mast. We even ventured off to salt water for a short trip with her and nobody missed the annual spring caulking and or rot repair jobs each spring.

By 2004 there was just one wooden sailboat on the waters of Little Sodus Bay, a well made little gaffer designed by Thomas Gillmer and built by her owner in his backyard. Everyone else was pretty much sailing white fiberglass sloops with about four boats of color mixed in among them. In a multicultural world our little bay was a homogeneous backwater. My spouse decided to fix that with a foray on eBay. Here on a late October day he found a little two master that was down on her luck and in need of a new home. We had been fantasizing about building a steel schooner (Colvin's Gazelle was a leading candidate) but here was one all rigged, afloat and more or less ready to go. We put in a bid, the only bid, and have been sailing and working on her ever since.

Soon after we began sailing her on the bay we declared our second boat, *Sara B,* a Nova Scotia built Tancook schooner, to be Fair Haven's unofficial small tall ship because she attracted so much attention and comments. Many of the comments were expressions of bemusement or wonder in the nature of "is that whole thing made of wood?" a remark overhead from a passing motorboat crew as I worked on her at the mooring. Going down the Fair Haven channel on a day when the jetty walkers were out in force was a bit like running a gauntlet of eyeballs.

Some jetty walkers raised cell phone cameras in salute. Some smiled and waved. Many simply stared with what we came to know as the WTF look. *Sara B* with her gaff rig, two masts and long bowsprit did not compute. A frequent comment probably inspired in part by her black hull and the belaying pins, oil powered running lights, dead eyes and wooden spars of her rig was, "there goes the pirate boat." My favorite was the overheard remark of one viewer to his companion as she chugged by under power with furled sails "Is that thing a Sail Boat?!" *Sara B* is a marketing maven's dream. I often thought we should put the url of the website for her winter home boatyard on her stern quarter under her name and see if we could get a discount on off season storage in exchange for advertising.

Sara B has had her picture painted at least three times by three different artists that I know of. As I write this, I hear a fourth painting is in the works. One of the more interesting portraits shows *Sara B* with her distinctive long trunk cabin row of round ports and stern mounted wooden arch sailing across Sydney Harbor! Thanks to my computer savvy spouse, we have also immortalized her on Wikipedia in two photos under the entry "Tancook Schooner."

We spent many hours and contributed to the local economy of the village by eating and drinking there as we worked on *Sara B*'s wooden hull each spring. It was an endless battle against entropy and after a few years it was brutally apparent that entropy was getting the upper hand. Now we knew why there were so few large old wooden boats afloat on Lake Ontario at the beginning of the 21st century. Many people had stories about the woodies that had once sailed these waters. On our little bay there had been Hank Spang's Alden yawl, *High Heels*, Ray Sant's big Chris Craft power cruiser, various one design Stars, Thistles, Snipes and Lightnings and a veritable fleet of varnished speedboats. Nearly all are gone now. The few woodies remaining are mostly small enough to reside in waterfront boathouses or can be taken home and parked inside for the winter.

Sara B inspired at least a half dozen articles by myself for various boating magazines on such subjects as buying large old wooden boats on eBay (not the best idea for most mere mortals), sailing without an engine (definitely not such a good idea for us, it turned out), the joys of cooperative

boat ownership and various anti rot measures including the massive two year cover up using techniques pioneered by an East Coast boat builder named Allan Vaitses some 30 years before when there were still a lot of wooden boats around. Rot stories are a staple of wooden boat ownership and I sold several shorts on the topic. And in honor of her 60th anniversary a few years ago (shameless self promo) I published a memoir of sailing with her called "Living on the Edge With *Sara B*."

A white fiberglass sloop about to pass *Sara B* (sigh).

Boating has changed in the half century since I first sailed. There are fewer sailing day trip and bare boat charter operations now along New York's Lake Ontario shore. The ubiquitous brightly colored plastic kayak has replaced all those homemade lumberyard pine plywood and canvas kayaks like the Percy Blandford boat I built in 1974 with four hand tools and some borrowed bandsaw time.

Stand up paddleboards are now a common sight on the bay where I sail and there seem to be fewer water skiers. The tubing set has evolved, too. Lately I've noticed some inflatable tow toys like "Big Martha" that closely resemble living room sofas and easy chairs. One thing I do see now and then is an honest rowboat, often a Whitehall or Adirondack Guideboat type with a plastic hull. I never saw a "real" rowboat in the 1960s on the south shore of the lake. The St Lawrence skiffs of the 1920s and '30s were long gone then in my neighborhood.

Many of the boaters on my home waters seem to be members of the aging baby boomer demographic and, in my humble and highly subjective opinion, the newer boats, both power and sail, are a whole lot uglier than the pleasure craft built in the '40s and '50s that were still afloat during my youth. Our bay's current pleasure craft fleet of white hulled power boats and sloops is less varied and interesting than those of coastal saltwater towns.

But people still venture forth with modest craft for a day of fishing and the popular pontoon boat fleet seems to keep growing. Recreational boating has been around for about as long as the village of Fair Haven, where I now live, has existed. I hope for at least another generation or two it will continue in some form here. And I suspect if it does there will still be a few non conformists sailing homebuilts, odd ball boats and old boats, too, like our local *MAIB* contributors Greg and Naomi Grundtisch, pictured during a visit to Little Sodus Bay a year or two ago.

Greg and Naomi in their Beetle Cat.

Find more words on boating at www.susanpgateley.com. Landbound sailors can enjoy a short video of *Sara B*'s 2015 season at sarab.brownroad.com (find the link at November 2015 under the schooner *Sara B* log).

News From the Big Lake

By Dave Peterson

This comes to you from a little town, Pentwater, on Lake Michigan. Because this magazine has a bent toward the waters of the east, I should probably explain where we are. If you understand the "mitten," we're halfway up the left side, a little bit higher than the crease of the thumb on the opposite side of the state. If that doesn't help, we are about 160 miles north of the Indiana/Michigan border hard on the shores of Lake Michigan halfway between Little Point Sable and Big Point Sable.

Our little town, rife with boats of all kinds, sits on a drowned river mouth lake with a wide navigable channel onto the "big lake." Access to Michigami brings us a nice mix of nautical visitors during the fair seasons and more than enough drama and news to keep us entertained throughout the year.

Charter boats stalk the big lake in hopes of putting their sports on chinook salmon, steelhead and lake trout. Elegant sailboats explore the Great Lakes and beyond and cruising visitors on sailing vessels and motor yachts from far and wide seek shelter here.

With the Pentwater River dumping into the east side of the lake, we've got a contingent of devoted kayakers and canoeists who enjoy the view and bird watch as the river winds through the wetlands. A nifty little local outfitting place, run by Greg and Bonnie, makes sure the tourists can get on the water.

There is a nice fleet of Ensigns at the yacht club. They race twice a week and generally get along despite occasional spats about alleged infractions during the competitions. Generally captained by geezers, they sometimes stay in when the wind is blowing hard.

Two fine people, Sue and Bill, run a kid's sailing school, teaching all who come to sail on prams and Sunfish. Any kid who wants to can learn to sail and no one's turned away for lack of tuition.

Inland fisherman roam the lake, looking for perch, bluegills, pike and bass, depending upon the time of year. Like a lot of places, an annoying mess of jet skis buzz about and some overpowered cigarette type monstrosities shatter the calm and rattle our brains on weekends.

This time of year (November) the marinas are empty, the docks have been pulled and most watercraft are stored in barns or wrapped in white plastic waiting for the mercy of spring. Pretty soon the ice shanties will be out on the hard water.

A lot went on this past summer and a few things this fall. Let me bring you up to speed.

Some goof sank the 76' motor yacht *Tica* off of the state park in Ludington early this spring. In the view from my chair, the sinking was caused by a mixture of stupidity and misplaced bravado. This genius (he survived) had a dream of turning the *Tica* (built in 1976) into some sort of tourist vessel. Having just purchased it (apparently without a survey) he was headed up the coast to Traverse City and started taking on water and put her on the sand in about 3' of water. The Coast Guard pulled him off the boat and worked to remove the fuel to avoid a spill.

Next day the wind came up pretty good and she broke up. I spoke to the park ranger who got to the scene as the boat was breaking up. He said the wood washing ashore had the consistency of cardboard and was riddled with termites. He was most concerned as he figured there were about ten thousand stainless steel screws in the sand right off one of his most popular swimming beaches. By the way, the perpetrator headed north and left the rest of us Michiganders with the bill for cleaning up the detritus.

In contrast, my friend Mike Darke, a Ludington charter captain and a fine angler, rescued five souls from a 30' fishing boat that was on fire. Mike was fishing with clients on the *Lie-A-Lot*, saw the smoke and rushed to the rescue and got them off right before the fire flashed and the boat was totally destroyed. Rightly so, Mike was honored as a local hero. His valor balances off the folly of the *Tica's* captain.

This fall, deer season started off with a bang (ha ha) and has been pretty productive for those with both bow and rifle. The duck hunters have been blasting away over by the Long Bridge and reports are that they have been doing well. The steelhead are making their fall pilgrimage up the Pere Marquette and Pentwater and there is a beehive of wadered anglers chasing the giant rainbows. Just this weekend the perch slid into Pentwater Lake from the Big Lake. There were at least 25 boats floating off downtown dunking minnows in hopes of a tasty dinner.

Well, that's the news from the Big Lake for now. If you enjoyed it, maybe I can tell you more about our place here where the north begins and the fine fruit grows.

By Jacob Heinrichs

A Lake Trip

I wanted to be able to say I had "crossed" Lake Ontario. In the popular sense of a "crossing," swimmers have established the stretch from St. Catherine's to Toronto as a "norm." I picked Grimsby, Ontario, 32 miles south of Toronto, as the starting point for my rowing trip. This open-water distance equals the distance between Toronto and St. Catherine's; and yet, with a westward shoreline at first 16 miles away, and later about 4 miles away, this route offered me an "escape" option if something were to go wrong.

I pushed off from Grimsby in "The See Wolfe," exactly at four in the afternoon on September 18, 1990. A brisk, day-long wind from the northeast had swept away the area's haze and died. A weakly drizzling low pressure system was forecast to come along by the next morning, but calm air was to characterize the evening and night. I had practised nighttime rowing; I actually **could see** Toronto; I felt I had to use this opportunity.

For the first hour the lake was glassy; and I pulled my Dreissigacker oars with long full strokes, being careful though, to avoid over-exertion. Several previous shoreline trips of about 40 miles, had impressed upon me the need to go easy on the flesh of my fingers. This trip could take between 9 and 13 hours.

I tried not to believe the signs of a developing offshore wind from the west-south-west. Skittish ripples on the surface changed into small, slapping waves; and soon bigger, choppy waves became organized into white-capped swells. Because my boat drifts sideways very easily, my stomachcurdling fear was that this evolving wind system might turn 30 or 40 degrees and force me partly to cut **into** the waves in my compensation for the drift. If that happened, the waves would slow me down badly. My difficulties would compound. But the wind held. With the help of my paddle-skeg, I was able to keep the boat nearly lined up with the crests and the troughs. Drawing my forward speed vector and my drift vector on a map would show a fairly direct course to Toronto.

As darkness settled I felt I had come to within, perhaps 8 miles of the western shoreline, and could reduce the correction for my "drift." This relief now, along with a more shore aligned sweep of the wind, opened the possibility for me. In the strain of trying to keep my boat "in sync" with the driving swells, I would be giving up all of my energy reserves; but surfing would catch, for me, a little of the energy of the waves as well as the wind; it would speed up my trip. (Like probably most rowers, eventually, I have accepted the observation that only wave **surfaces** impel; wave volumes always stall—even when cut from behind.) I adjusted my footboard and paddle-skeg for surfing. Sometimes it worked; my boat sloshed down the backs of the long waves, madly sucked forward and down.

Nighttime traffic, anywhere, still demands "seeing" and "being noticeable." I scanned my horizons regularly; and I carried a velcro-held beam light on my cap, which I often shone on a light-scattering reflector at my stern. Several times I lit up a white seagull "hanging" in the wind; and several times I turned more directly towards upwelling whitecaps on my heaving horizon—to identify them as only whitecaps. Before darkness fell, two boats already had passed by, a sharply leaning yacht and a long freighter; and now I had spotted the lights of another big boat. Its line of yellow windows reminded me of my hometown's tourboats. Because it was on the inky, eastern side of me I could not see any outline—but I didn't think that was important. Watching the changing position of the lights, I told myself that it must be another freighter heading for Hamilton—the general direction from which I had come. But my attention and my judgment, at this point, were weakened by an indigestion problem that suddenly **did not want to wait.** Dealing with this problem was not easy. The boat heaved and rocked and took in splashes, in so commanding a manner, that I had to "hang on" to its upwind gunwale with one hand and grope at my "toiletries" with the other. When my bailing and reorganizing were finished, I looked for the freighter in the south. It was gone. But to the west, against a twinkle of shoreline lights, was the end-on silhouette of a freighter, shrinking away. While I was bobbing, it had crossed my course, just downwind of me. The "glowing windows" had been forward-looking bridge windows; and in thinking back, I recalled an eerie, almost echo-like, metallic murmur downwind, blending with the general "hiss." The fact that I missed noticing the freighter's bow-wave confirms a safe passing distance—although the lucky "broaching" alignment of my boat had prepared it merely to bob higher with this wave. I was glad I was spared the **panic** of trying to guess the freighter's course as it approached.

In the last hour of my trip, the wind softened and came in off the land again, setting up annoying cross-chop waves. The feeling, for me, was like that of a racehorse, being led from the track to **plow** in a field. Still, at ten minutes after midnight, I reached the lit-up geodesic dome of Toronto's **Ontario Place.** I had "sailed" without a sail or keel, and at 8 hours and 10 minutes for my trip, had beaten my best predictions by one hour. Like Kenneth Grahame's river rat, I, indeed, had been "messing about in a boat."

A Twist to Recreational Rowing

By Jacob Heinrichs

A canoeist on the water has complete freedom to perform any maneuver; but a rower must first 'build into' his or her boat the capability of doing the different things he or she wants to do. In recreational rowing there are three things I want to be able to do: recover from swamping, adjust my stroke, and relieve my working muscles. I have built into my boat, the capability of doing these three things.

To provide myself with a sleek and **non-sinking** boat, I modified a special Sawyer canoe (length: 18-1/2 feet; depth: 15 inches; beam: 32 inches). I built long, full-height foam-filled bulkheads at both ends, leaving only about eight feet of working space in the middle. And, my tube-style out-rigger oar-mounts provide still more buoyancy—as do my pressed styrofoam splash-skirts. I admit I 'pay' for the extra surface, the high weight (190 pounds), and the rounded bottom: by way of 'sail effect,' 'drag,' and 'side drift.' But I get **little jostling** in rough water; and if swamping occurs, my boat **behaves like a raft.**

Just as in the gasoline engine, the spark must be 'timed' to match the speed and the load of the engine, so too in rowing, must the 'burst of force,' the peak of my pull, be delivered in keeping with the effects of the water conditions upon the boat. In hard lugging conditions the strongest pull must come when the oars are perpendicular to the boat. In surfing conditions or in weathercocking conditions (when the wind swivels a 'cresting' boat), the kick must come as the oars are closing in. If I sit too far up the track when lugging, I strain my back; if I am not back far enough when surfing, I hurt my arms. My very simply designed, **adjustable footboard** puts me in any position I want.

A description of the motions making up my stroke, may help show **why** it lets me 'rest while I work.' The main power of my stroke comes from the legs in a phantom stairstep climbing movement. My twisted, leaning body **gets carried 36 inches** up the inclined track, essentially stiff. Towards the end of this ride, the shoulders and the side-muscles of the hips help generate some pull, but the lower back remains firm. The end of the stroke finds my lower back nestled gently but firmly against a wooden thwart, which acts much like a basketball-rebounding-board for my return down the track.

So, for relief or rest, there is, first, that important 'leg stretching' instant at the top of the track, and a relaxing of the legs, when I coast down the track. But there are two other sources of relief. My capability of switching between 'right-sidedness' and 'left-sidedness' in my 'stepping' routine, lets me give the right-versus-left muscle sets of my entire body a **remarkable degree of rest.** And a final, important form of relief—though mostly for the legs—comes from adjusting the footboard periodically, in order to give the feet a new push-off level.

I concede that the described and pictured techniques and gear, which are tailored for me (being 5 feet, 4 inches, and slight of build), may be too awkward for some people. But the principles of my approach are sound.

Meanderings Along the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

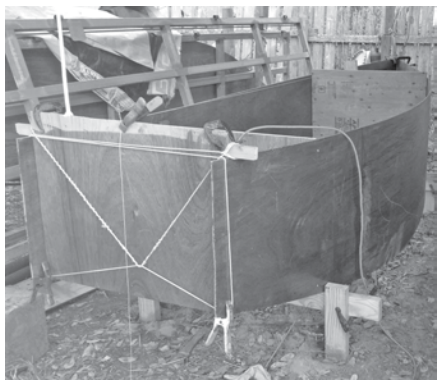
Next Build is Underway

A couple of people recently told me my 12' was just too small for them to go with me. Well, my next build is a bit smaller at 10'5", it's called a NED, or Nesting Expedition Dinghy. Yes, I'm excited. As the photos show I'm well into another build. This little jewel is all of 10'5" in length. Supposed to be 6" on the end of that 10', but all I got is 5". I'm not going to try and figure out just what happened. The plywood, or most of it, I got in a trade last summer from a fellow from Baton Rouge, he did the driving for a change.

I got the bottom on today and now I sit and am thinking of the fit out. Under 11' one may think there's not much involved. At my age it's very easy to get involved. "She looks like a little Paradox," my Linda says, and she does. The cabin/cockpit is much the same size, just the ends are shorter. I'm leaning towards chine runners, the same as the Paradox. We'll see how that turns out.

Already I've got cooking on my mind, cooking aboard, that is. Where to put the sleeping bag, mosquito netting and already I'm doing a few changes on the inside. I plan on not using the water ballast but lead instead. Less room, weightwise, and the space I save can be used for drinking water.

She's a high sided little thing, a red, white and blue paint job will color her right up. I'm also thinking of using a yuloh or maybe a one of them SUP paddles. The plans call for oars. Time will tell. I got a note from Garry giving encouragement when he found out about the build. Garry is not too far off from 90, did the Texas 200 at 86 years I think it was. He is an inspiration.



So yes, I'm excited. Yes sir indeed. I've a few years catching up to Garry's achievements but I'm trying. I'll be meeting 70 a few days into February. My mind is out on the flats enjoying a cup a coffee in my little girl. There's a problem though already. The designer's name for this cutie is NED, actually that's an acronym for Nesting Expedition Dinghy. So maybe I can get away with it after all. Any thoughts for a name? *Excited* comes to my mind.

First Real Wind

I found out later after I had come in from sailing recently that it was gusting to 32mph. Another weather channel had the gusts at 25mph and 26mph. First real wind in more than a week or two. Early on while I was working on the new dinghy, a friend stopped by to see the progress and mentioned if it was too windy to go sailing. Nah, I said, and started thinking about going out. Out I went.

I had put the boom furler back on the 12' *Red Top*. That thing is a love/hate relationship. The concept is stolen from the Paradox design. Although I built two, the furler mechanisms always gave me problems. My jury rigged renditions don't do Matt any honors. I like the fact that the sail can be adjusted within inches of what's needed in the prevailing wind in real time. And quick.

The quickness is another feature I really like. I like slab reefing as well. I did not go out onto the bay this afternoon, I just didn't want to get beat up or I was being lazy. I stayed in the ICW and around the harbor trying different things. While I was out some duck shooters were having engine trouble and drifted into the shallows. Thought I would be helping but they got off and misfired off to their blind. I would have done the same in their boat. The magazines would have us turn around and come back another day.

So I sailed, back and forth, up and down, rearranging gear, lines, the anchor, throwables and whatnots. Checking placement of self and sailing trim, keeping her steady as she goes. I've had *Red Top* seven years now, less two she was away, and I'm still learning how best to sail her in varying conditions.

I'm real close to laying down the money for a sail loft sail, the real deal. Last summer, or fall I guess it was, I took a job and managed to hang onto some of the wages earned. I'm thinking of a Scamp sail, she's the same length as *Red Top* and I think I can make it work just fine. I know my hand sewn poly sails I make up leave much to be desired, no offense to those in the trade.

In stock they say, ready to ship. Sounds as if it'd be here within a week. 20' more than needed, but on light air days that'll keep the paddle in the boat where it belongs. At the office I'm the lone sailor among ten or 12 fishermen. I'm often asked what will I do when the wind dies as I have no engine. I've your cell numbers, one of ya'll is bound to answer.

And when it gets to gusting past 30, the factory cut sail comes with three sets of reef points. Seems like that oughta do.

ICW Dream Trip

By Johnny Mac

My buddy bought a 45' 1980s trawler to take to the Caribbean to be used as a vacation condo top escape from Vermont in the winter. He had it in Norfolk, Virginia, and we were taking it down to Jacksonville, Florida, for leg one of the cruise. That was it, we made it as far as Jacksonville. We had more than a few troubles with it and I spent some time in the engine room. I lost any interest in having two large inboards. He could have benefited by having his crack mechanics crew work on her for a few more days before the sea trial shakedown relocation cruise but he had a time crunch at work.

At the beginning of the voyage I could not even spell Perkins T6 Diesel engine. At the end of the voyage I had almost become an expert on the darned things. As far as the work went, I could handle the cramped engine compartment. I could handle the contortions to get in there. I could handle the pressure points of the diamond plate on my knees. I could handle the sizzling heat of those old school turbos. I could even handle the head pounding that they gave to me at even the slowest idle. And I could handle the spinning exposed parts. Oooh, and the boiling splattering grease and sputtering diesel vapor mist, I could handle that too. But…

The Log

There was an odor coming from the front bilge area.

Two new port side fuel tanks were installed but we still ran out of fuel even though we had plenty, the piping was not properly done between port and starboard tanks. We had to get towed by Boats US and had to transfer fuel the between tanks with a pump as they did not have a fuel service and then we had to find a real mechanic to bleed the lines.

There was a port list the entire time, weight of port tanks?

There was a scorching of the fuel lines and throttle cable for the port side engine, maybe a leak in the exhaust elbow? This caused the port side throttle cable to bind and render the engine inoperable just as we tried to dock. We had to remove the throttle cable so it would start and idle at 800rpm and at least be useful for docking, it was melted at cruising throttle of 2,800rpm.

The bow thruster battery (new) did not charge properly due to wiring error and just as the port motor throttle locked up the thruster ran out of juice when we had to dock in a wind with boats crowding us. A little remedial wiring work and we never had that problem again.

The hydraulic steering seemed to gulp air and kept losing fluid, it was not responsive and felt like a rudder on a sailing ship of yore, no feel at all. We never found the leak, just topped it off every night.

About the time that the steering became all but useless I went to check the engine room to see if there was anything in the line routing and I saw that the port propeller shaft seemed to be missing. It was, however, not missing but had come loose from the transmission flange and got pulled back all the way to the through hull fitting.

I read online that night that we should pull and turn the prop. Impossible, so a mechanic friend said to try fitting a piece of threaded rod from the transmission to the shaft flange and tighten it up with a bolt. It took me three hours to move the shaft 10" as I was in a cramped position and could only turn the wrench about one-fifth of a turn for the first 5", the second 5" inches went in about three minutes as some space opened up.

I did not have enough bolts as one was lost on the way so I used a common ordinary shiny steel bolt which kind of worked at 800rpm which was the idle speed of the engine, so we fired up the port engine only when we had to maneuver to a pier, which worked great.

The refrigerator, AC/DC, did not appear to work on DC, it only worked on AC through an inverter which sucked the juice out of the batteries.

We saw fishermen on the way and were interested in tasting their wares, so we tried a "po boy" in South Carolina, it had either two large oysters cut in half or four small ones in a bun half the size of a standard McDonalds hamburger, not satisfactory. Later we had one in Jacksonville that would feed a family of four and that was superb.

I found I had a liking for Espelon Blanco Tequila and Corona Light beverages. We had three rainy cold days and nine really nice ones. The ICW had a few shifting shoals but we only hit a few of them.

My captain was not comfortable with his new Garmin 10" plotter so I had to use charts. I hated every second of it as I had to squint to see them. Why do they feel they should use 1 point font? I bitterly hate them.

The biggest problem I had was I enjoyed the trip but I kept seeing town after town that were like Morehead City, nice seaside towns. I now live in one and will be perfectly happy exploring my own turf!

I didn't expect a 35-year-old boat to be trouble free and I am glad I didn't try this myself without benefit of this education! So yes, I had a great time! I do want to try anchoring instead of paying marina fees eventually when I get a suitable brocruiser. I want to hit the ICW to FL to drink Dave's brew at the Tiki Hut and cruise up to Vermont to see my favorite daughter.

Postscript from the Tiki Hut

From Dave Lucas

How did you get sucked into being a diesel mechanic on a boat in the salt water? The only diesel you ever saw got burned in your heater and salt water was something you boiled spaghetti in. It must have been self preservation kicking in to induce you into figuring out to get into the engine room, let alone crawling around down there.

What kind of hold did this captain have over you, you owe him a lot of money? Oh, I have it, you were too dumb to know any better. Yep, that's the one, has your name written all over it. Glad you made it and the experience actually was worth it.

Here's a boat for you, right up the river from me. Someone thought it would be easy to fix it up and found out that easy and boat don't equate. It would be a perfect boat except for the part where you can't trailer it.

The Lifeboat Disaster of 1886

and its lasting influence

Reprinted from Dinghy Cruising, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

Part Two, Thomas Clarkson's Story, and the *Charles Biggs*

LIKE A SHAKESPEARIAN TRAGEDY the story of the *Mexico* developed, climaxed and ended in five acts. In our last issue, Part One dealt with the barque's fight with the storm and the rescue of her crew – from the *Mexico's* point of view. That was not the climax of the story, however, no matter how the crews of the barque and the *Charles Biggs* might have felt at the time; that came well after they had reached shore, when the bitter-cold dawn broke on December 10th.

In fact my Part One did not include the true beginning, either. The prologue of this drama began about six months before Lytham Cox Thomas Clarkson took charge of his beautiful new boat, the *Charles Biggs*, a vessel that exemplified most of the latest thinking about lifeboat safety and performance.

The International Exhibition of Navigation, Commerce and Industry was opened by Queen Victoria on May 11th 1886, in Liverpool. It was the first ambitious international exhibition in this country to be held outside London. It took only nine months of preparation, but what the organisers achieved in that time puts a few similar modern inititiatives to shame.

They bought Antwerp's iron and glass Exhibition Hall, complete with a 100ft high dome, and shipped it to Liverpool. The glamour of this was barely dented by the loss of some of the structure overboard in a gale.

The Chairman of the project was the Mayor of Liverpool, David Radcliffe, a tough Yorkshireman whose family had moved to the city from Huddersfield when he was a child. He made his fortune by the age of 48. The money for the enterprise was raised by a guarantor system, the guarantors ranging from the Earl of Derby to well-known local merchants like George Henry Lee, Owen Owen – and Lewis's Department Stores. All of them had lofty ambitions, but David Lewis took the prize. He chartered Brunel's ship the *Great Eastern* and moored it in the Mersey off New Ferry. About 250,000 people watched it arrive, to read along its side: 'BUY AT LEWIS'S STORES'. For six months it was an entertainment palace moored in the river, with punters being ferried out to it at a shilling a go. (Arguably DL's greatest advertising coup at the Exhibition was to charge visitors one penny to have pictures of Lewis's famous stores printed on their own handkerchiefs – much more innovative and profitable than the souvenir booklets he also sold.)

The *Great Eastern* at New Ferry, " Chartered for Lewis's *Great Eastern* Exhibition, C°."

But it was the sheer scale and audacity of some exhibits that left the greatest impression: a full-scale replica of the Eddystone Lighthouse, 170ft high, sent out a beam that could be seen 40 miles away (the original showed up to 25 miles). The Isle of Man exhibited lighthouses, model harbours, the Laxey Wheel, a steam packet and a Manx Lugger. A cigar-shaped captive balloon rose to 250 feet then descended slowly every hour, on the hour.

The intention had been to celebrate technology, transport and communications, but Liverpool being an international port of the first rank, the emphasis came to rest squarely on maritime commerce, ships and the sea. The public house built on the site, in Durning Road, Edge Hill, was called 'The Shipperies', the local nickname for the Exhibition, and it flourished for many years until it closed in 2010. A handsome red brick building, it still stands, even though abandoned.

Exhibits covered a wide range of sizes, including

Postcard celebrating the International Exhibition, 1886

boats down to the 21ft 6ins coble rowed by Grace Darling – hired out or loaned by persons unknown, as John Joicey had died five years earlier *(see DC234, page 52)*.

Somewhat larger at 37ft LOA and 8ft beam, more up to date, better designed and splendid to behold, was the new lifeboat that seemed to fascinate all who came within range of her. Queen Victoria, who stayed much longer than one would have expected at the Exhibition, paused to admire the brand-new boat and indulge her interest in lifeboats and rescue at sea. In 1849 Prince Albert had lent his support to the organisation. Even earlier, in 1824, the 'National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck' had been formed, with King George IV as its patron. After Albert died in 1861 the Queen assumed the role of patron of the RNLI for many years – she appears as such in the frontispiece photograph of *The Book of the Lifeboat (1894)*, the famous one taken by Hughes and Mullins at Ryde, Isle of Wight, in 1891.

The lifeboat also commanded the full attention of many professional seamen of all ranks and nationalities, who stayed longer than the Queen and looked it over more closely, no doubt wondering superstitiously whether they might meet up with her again in her professional career, sooner or later.

One of their number was a dignified visitor from Germany, not in the first flush of youth, but a man of quiet presence, above average height and well-built, who was obviously used to the responsibilities of command at sea. His clothes and hat suggested the international brotherhood of the merchant marine; they had a worn but sober appearance which intimated that he might be taking a break from dealing with business in the Port of Liverpool in order to see the Exhibition.

It was noticed that he examined the boat thoroughly inside and out, and finally sat down in her in great good humour and praised her in his halting English to anyone who would listen. It would have been strange had he not added enthusiastically that he would feel privileged himself to be rescued at sea by such a smart vessel, but Captain Burmester certainly would not have imagined a chaotic night a few short months hence, when he and his crew would fight for their lives in a storm of hurricane strength that finally grounded them in an estuary on the northwest coast of England exactly at black midnight, or that this new lifeboat would then be their saviour.

The *Charles Biggs* had been on station at Lytham for about two weeks when the *Mexico* became her very first service. Clearly Cox Thomas Clarkson had not wasted the short time she had been in his hands. His select crew were lifeboatmen of considerable experience, but this was a different vessel from her predecessor and they all had to learn her ways.

I should stress that all three of the lifeboats to answer the call on the night of December 9th-10th were excellent boats kept in good condition and checked regularly according to the Institution's directions.

A key witness at the County Coroner's Inquest was Local NLI Secretary Lt. Commander Henry Thomas Gartside-Tipping, RN, of Manchester Road, Southport, who had been appointed District Inspector of Lifeboats in 1879, a post he occupied until 1892. In 1894 he was elected as a member of the Institution's Committee of Management and remained on it for the rest of his life. Tipping was a remarkable man, who shone brightly in a number of occupations during his lifetime: naval officer, designer, sailor, yachtsman and

Two days after the rescue, on December 11th, the crew of the *Charles Biggs* pose in the boat on the shore for a photograph. The snow on the beach testifies to the continuing arctic weather. Twelve oars, one bowman, Cox Thomas Clarkson (in the sou'wester) and his mate form the crew of fifteen.

Twelve men were rescued from the *Mexico*, making a total complement of 27 for the return journey to Lytham – seven miles in a straight line, but their actual course was estimated (by Clarkson) to be longer.

Her colours would have been mid-to-light-blue topsides, white below the waterline, red belting. The bow badge carried the legend, 'National Lifeboat Institution' (not 'Royal').

Lieutenant-Commander Henry Thomas Gartside-Tipping RN
(Photograph: Liverpool Echo)

inventor (he designed the Tipping's Plates shown on page 68). He also played a leading part in the Lifeboat Institution, evidenced by the local press reports that covered his work.

On the outbreak of WWI in 1914 he resumed active service as a naval officer at the age of 66 and was given the command of an armoured yacht *Aries*, in which he endured the privations of North Sea patrols through the winter of 1914-15, a job which defeated many younger men.

Late in 1915 he was transferred to the unarmoured yacht *Sanda*, and only a few days after being congratulated by the King on being the oldest British serving officer, by then aged 67, he died in action off Zeebrugge on the morning of September 25th, when the *Sanda* was hit by an 8-inch HE shell from a shore battery. Less than two years afterwards his redoubtable wife also became a casualty of this awful war:

> "Mrs Mary Stuart Gartside-Tipping had worked for nearly a year at the Munitions Worker's Canteen, Woolwich, and in January 1917 joined the Women's Emergency Corps for service in the war zone in France, where she was shot by a soldier whose mind was disordered.
>
> The French military authorities did everything possible to express their sympathy; the *croix de guerre*, which had been withheld from women since November 1916, was conferred on her at once; and a full military funeral accorded."

Tipping's evidence at the *Mexico* Inquest expressed no criticism of the boats at all. As a conscientious local Inspector he had checked them frequently. He did state that he had orders 'not to capsize boats at practices except at trials of new boats,' but he thought that the *crews* should be exercised in capsizing at least once a year.

Another interesting opinion of his was that two lifeboat crews should be created for one boat, to practise in turn, and that the first of them to turn up as a full complement at the boat house to answer the call should be the one to take out the boat.

The wisdom of this lay in crews being developed as professional units along lines that exist today, plus the individual lifeboatman would see the need for a fast response to avoid the ignominy of being the crewman to stop his team embarking by his own lateness. Tipping's contribution can be seen clearly in the seven special recommendations made by the jury at the end of the Inquest (to be published in a later issue).

In January 1887 the Southport branch of the NLI took the decision to radically reorganise their lifeboat crews along the lines of the Police or the Fire Brigade, so it seems that Tipping's advice had been immediately effective.

But if all the boats were cared for and had distinguished service records, except for the new *Charles Biggs*, why was she the superior vessel? The main differences lay in her provision for ballast and buoyancy. The Joint Enquiry agreed that many factors might have a

Charles Biggs, under oars, visits *Mexico* being salvaged in March 1887. About six men are hanging in the mizzen ratlines, to port. Most of the *Mexico*'s crew took to the ratlines on the starboard side while waiting for rescue three months earlier.

bearing on why only one boat out of three was able to effect a successful rescue of the *Mexico's* crew, and avoid being capsized, but they were:

'... satisfied that the lifeboat *Charles Biggs* was far the better boat of the three, having both far greater stability and righting power than the other two boats. She is fitted with four water ballast tanks amidships, running along the keelson, holding about one ton of water. They can be filled as soon as the boat, after launching, gets into sufficient depth of water. They take one minute to fill, and can be pumped out in the same space of time, if required. This boat has also larger air cases, running along the sides above the deck, and consequently holds less water, when filled, through a sea breaking on board, than the older type of boats.

We are of the opinion that greater safety can be attained in the future by increasing the stability of the self-righting boats, which will, at the same time, increase their righting power ...'

History shows that the Joint Enquiry was right: the *Charles Biggs* had a distinguished career post-*Mexico*, and was kept on station at Lytham until 1912.

George Lennox Watson paid heed to the points made by the jury, as shown in his first designs as the NLI's Consulting Naval Architect, a post he accepted in 1887.

"— in all time of our distress
As in our triumph too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew!"

— '1914-18', Rudyard Kipling

The Lytham lifeboat was launched at 22:05, Thursday, December 9th, 1886. Earlier, at about 21:15, a bright light was seen by two witnesses on the Lytham Promenade to be issuing from a point somewhat north of Southport Pier, bearing about SW from the Lytham boathouse. This ties in perfectly with Captain Burmester's evidence, in which he stated that he ordered the lighting of flares at 20-minute intervals, starting around 21:00hrs when the barque began to touch bottom.

Several people on Lytham Pier also noticed the lights, and soon afterwards the St Anne's lifeboat gun signal was heard distinctly. Thomas Clarkson rallied his crew.

Lytham had a regular, select crew, and out of the total of fifteen that presented, only three were substitute volunteers to replace absentees, two of them being old lifeboatmen.

The gale was still at its height and blowing from WNW. High Water was at 21:36, height 27.5ft, building to HW Springs four days later at 11:52, 29.8ft, on Monday, December 13th. It was only two days before full moon, so it is just possible that there were a few bright intervals during the blizzard and showers of sleet, if the wind occasionally scoured cloud from parts of the sky, though it was *Mexico's* flares that drew the lifeboat, and Captain Burmester gave the impression in his account that the *Charles Biggs* was not seen until it was very close, at 'two points before the beam'. No doubt visibility was further impaired by spindrift at sea level. Sunset had been at 15:52,

---

*All of this information, based on Southport, is 'accurate', having been downloaded from the Admiralty's tidal site: **www.ukho.gov.uk/easytide/EasyTide/ShowPrediction...** (Metric units can also be chosen on the site.) Bear in mind the usual caution about taking theoretical tide times as gospel, especially in a storm.

The information can be taken as applicable to the whole estuary, as there is merely a five-minute difference in tide times between Southport and Blackpool. One slight anomaly is the run of the ebb close in to Lytham and St Annes, which adhered to the coast, as the topography of the surrounding sandbanks affected the tidal direction to a certain extent. The main stream ran WNW, perfectly wind-over-tide.

Thomas Clarkson, Coxswain of the *Charles Biggs*. Never seen in photographs without his sou'wester

and Friday's sunrise was due at 08:18. Low Water Slack this night would be around 04:15.*

The lifeboat was launched slightly less than an hour after HW, then, but Thomas Clarkson did not strike out for the barque immediately.

He worked the boat downstream under oars against the wind for about 1.5 miles, well past Granny's Bay, in order to get a good slant for his course under sail over Crossens Pool and Horse Bank to reach the *Mexico*. Probably this accounts for Clarkson's estimate of his actual distance travelled to the barque as being around 12 miles. For unknown reasons he chose to fill only the three after water ballast tanks.

Once they had set sail to cross the estuary, Clarkson ordered a light to be shown each time they lost sight of the *Mexico's* flares, so it is likely that both vessels were renewing their signals to each other every 20 minutes. This is why the *Charles Biggs* was able to home in on the *Mexico* as she traversed the estuary, and no doubt accounts for the speed of the rescue.

As from 22:30 the ebb would have been powerful and the wind-over-tide effect would have set up dangerous and unpredictable seas. The ebb would still have been running strongly at the end of

its third hour when they reached the *Mexico* after midnight and rescued her crew. Accounts agree that conditions off Southport were the worst in the estuary that night, no doubt because there was no lee from land upwind, and there was a long fetch over the open Irish Sea before the waves broke close inshore on Horse Bank and Spencer's Brow. It is in these accounts that the word 'hurricane' is used – and these local people were used to high winds.

The punishment taken by the *Charles Biggs* comprised broken oars and the boat being frequently filled with water, exercising the relieving valves continuously. When they were about a quarter of a mile from the *Mexico* Clarkson ordered sail to be taken in, the mast lowered and oars deployed. They were immediately smothered by a huge breaker, which threw her on to her beam ends, put the gunwale under, and broke three oars. The Coxswain estimated this happened around 00:30hrs, which conflicts a little with Burmester's opinion that his crew was rescued at 00:20hrs.

As they neared the barque they heard shouts and saw sailors tied in the mizzenmast rigging. They let go their big anchor and about 15 fathoms of cable (90ft) so they could veer the boat down onto the wreck. This standard lifeboat manoeuvre proved to be extremely difficult and dangerous as great waves were breaking right over the *Mexico* and the hail and sleet continued unabated. The barque looked as though she was about to suffer a full knock-down herself at any moment. She was very heavily laden with cargo, but was thrown around by the seas like a light dinghy caught in surf, excavating a deep depression in the sand under her keel in the process. It must have been a thoroughly frightening experience to operate the lifeboat close-to in her lee. Clarkson later confirmed officially that the weather and the rescue were the most dangerous he had known in the service.

The first rope they got on board her broke as the ship lurched uncontrollably. The second attempt fared better, though some reports say that the same rope broke again before they were successful.

The *Charles Biggs* and the fifteen crew who served on her in the *Mexico* rescue are seen through the doorway of their boathouse. As usual, the men are shown with items of equipment: a grapnel with warp and swivel, a lifebuoy, a throwing cane – and one is dressed in a black India-rubber suit. Thomas Clarkson and his mate are in the middle of the back row. Clarkson later received the Silver Medal for this service.
The service board to the right has a recent addition at the bottom, chalked in flowing copperplate script pending a more permanent painted inscription. It reads:
'1886, Dec[r] 10[th]. Barque Mexico of Hamburg. Saved 12 Lives. Southport and St Annes Life-Boats lost same night'.
Above this is the record of the previous boat, also named *Charles Biggs* – three services, saving 25 lives, 21 from the Barque *Mermaid*. At the top is the *Eleanor Cecily*, their first boat, provided in 1851 – 12 services. Their second boat was the *Wakefield*, 16 services. The third line down from the head of the board reads: 'Royal National Lifeboat Institution' – the station was taken over by the RNLI in 1854. (The online RNLI station history for Lytham, and the Lytham Heritage Group website, tell a completely different 19th century service story with different boats, by the way. I am in touch with them.)
The Ribble Estuary obviously kept the three local lifeboats pretty well occupied for many years. Today, Lytham St Annes has two lifeboats. The inshore lifeboat, *Sally*, is a D-class boat, small and manoeuvrable, ideal for rescues in the changeable estuary. It is kept at the Lytham lifeboat station.
Their big boat is a carriage-launched Mersey Class lifeboat, capable of working offshore up to 140 miles from base. *Her Majesty the Queen* is located at the old St. Anne's lifeboat station. She is 12m long and capable of operating at 17 knots.

As his men began to drop down into the lifeboat Captain Burmester tried to throw a black box into her – and missed. 'There go the ship's papers!' he cried. But his men all got on board, sustaining only three injuries between them. One man slipped off the rope as the *Mexico* lurched volently and fell between the two vessels, to be hauled back just in time – by his head. Another crewman had been hurt when he fell against the winch as the *Mexico* grounded earlier. Captain Burmester, too, injured his ribs as he came down on a rope last, after tying it around his waist.

Leaving the *Mexico's* side proved to be just as hazardous as closing with her. The act of pushing off broke another oar. As they made sail, the lifeboat bumped twice on the sand. At this point the ebb was into its fourth hour, so the depth of water was reducing steadily.

Clarkson had to make a choice. He could run downwind to Southport and fetch up in Bog Hole,

which was close in, east of the pier, offering deeper water sheltered by the sandbanks. It was a safe haven for fishermen and sometimes ships, tucked behind the shoals. Or he could sail straight through Bog Hole, over Horse Bank and through Crossens Pool, reversing his outward track, and try to reach Lytham before the water left him high and dry.

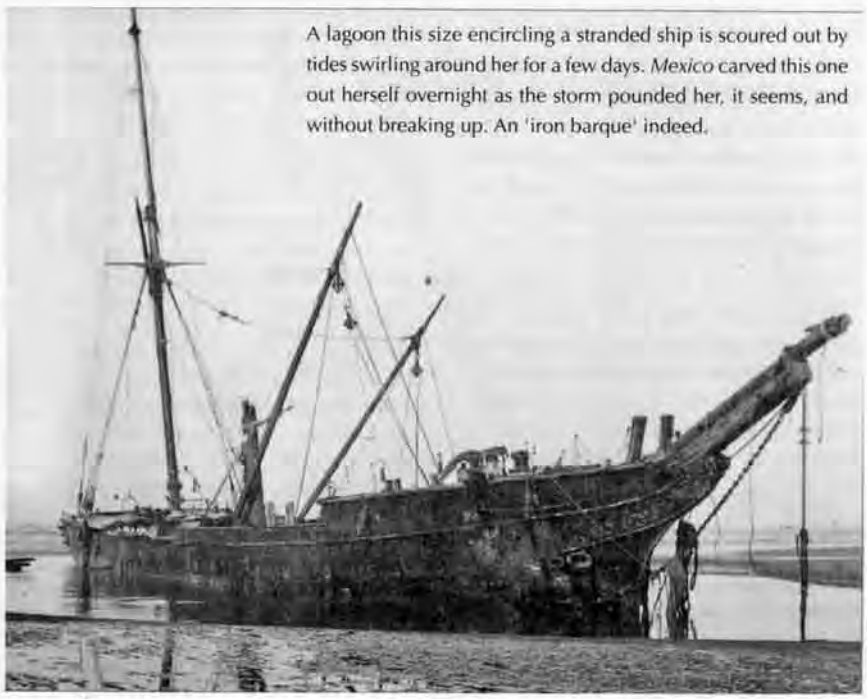
Obviously he was sure he could do it, which reveals his ability as a lifeboat cox with supreme local knowledge, but he must have preferred by far to head for home rather than take the shorter leg to Southport.

It is worth considering why this was so, as the Inquest Jury insisted that it be put on record that 'the Lytham boat did not land at Southport, which they very much regretted. In future coxswains should be instructed to land a rescued crew at the nearest point connected with the lifeboat station'.

This seems like unfair censure of a man who had just helped to save twelve lives, but it was felt that observers had been confused about the identity of the boat showing a green light (to indicate a successful rescue), which shot past Southport Pier and into Bog Hole. They did not immediately recognise her as the *Charles Biggs*, and they felt this had dire consequences, as I will show next time.

There is little more to add to the last part of the story as it was told in *DC234*, except to say that the lifeboat grounded occasionally on the return leg to Lytham, requiring the crew to leap out and haul her back into the fast-shoaling channels. They came ashore at Lytham less than an hour before Low Water Slack, which was around 04:15hrs. *Keith Muscott*

(Left) This superb photograph was taken by John Rigby's grandfather, John Albert Rigby (1864 -1947), then aged 22, who is standing centre stage. *Mexico* has come to rest slightly off her easterly course, probably as she broached violently in the breakers when her bows dug in. John knows from family history that this was taken from the north, facing the light. *(Below)* This one shows her starboard side at around the same time. It would have been Clarkson's view on his approach. It is not possible to be certain when these were taken. The storm raged for a day or so after the stranding, and the Spring tide was at its highest, and Low Water at its lowest, at 11:52 & 18:44 on Monday Dec 13th. However, on December 11th, despite the snowfall, the wind dropped sufficiently for *Charles Biggs* to be wheeled onto the beach and photographed *(page 54)*. In these *Mexico* shots it seems calm and around LW with the channels filling. It is not long after Dec 9/10, as she has not been greatly interfered with (sailcloth, rope and chain still dangling) – but time enough for a ladder to have been brought out over the sands to inspect her. It has to be an early morning LW; all afternoon LWs that week were dark, starting 1 hour after sunset – and there are only two men in shot, no crowds. The sun is high enough for John Albert to take an impressive exposure. It looks bright because the print has been over-exposed to reveal the detail in the shadows on her port side, against the light. He had to get home first (from Chatsworth), so this might be just after sunrise on December 13th.



A lagoon this size encircling a stranded ship is scoured out by tides swirling around her for a few days. *Mexico* carved this one out herself overnight as the storm pounded her, it seems, and without breaking up. An 'iron barque' indeed.

Lifeboats and Lifeboatmen – Their Equipment in 1886

I think we should try to imagine rowing and sailing the lifeboats of the 1880s, and at the same time attempt to visualise the experience of living in the towns and villages bordering the Ribble Estuary back then, to help us understand fully the nature of the *Mexico* tragedy.

Obviously this is impossible; but that need not prevent us from trying. With that in mind, I foraged for materials that dated from 1886 or close enough to be reliable sources. The boats, and the wagons used to convey them across the beaches, give a unique flavour of the job at that time, as do the lifejackets and oilskins the men wore. There was a joint inqury of the Board of Trade (very much the senior partner) and the RNLI into the incidents of the night of December 9th, 1886, onwards, which took place on December 13th & 15th, following on from the Coroner's Inquest of December 11th and December 18th. The proper time to look at these investigations and the conclusions they reached is after I have dealt with the catastrophe, but getting a feel for the boats and equipment is best achieved first.

I was staggered when I first saw this diagram of the deck of a sail and oar self-righting lifeboat ready for action. I am reasonably experienced in sailing and rowing the *Charles Henry Ashley* now, but slipping out to sea for a few hours around high water for a bit of a jolly in the 1907 Watson is not at all similar to being in a boat like this on a filthy night with the crew sharing a full-on determination to save lives at the extreme risk of losing their own.

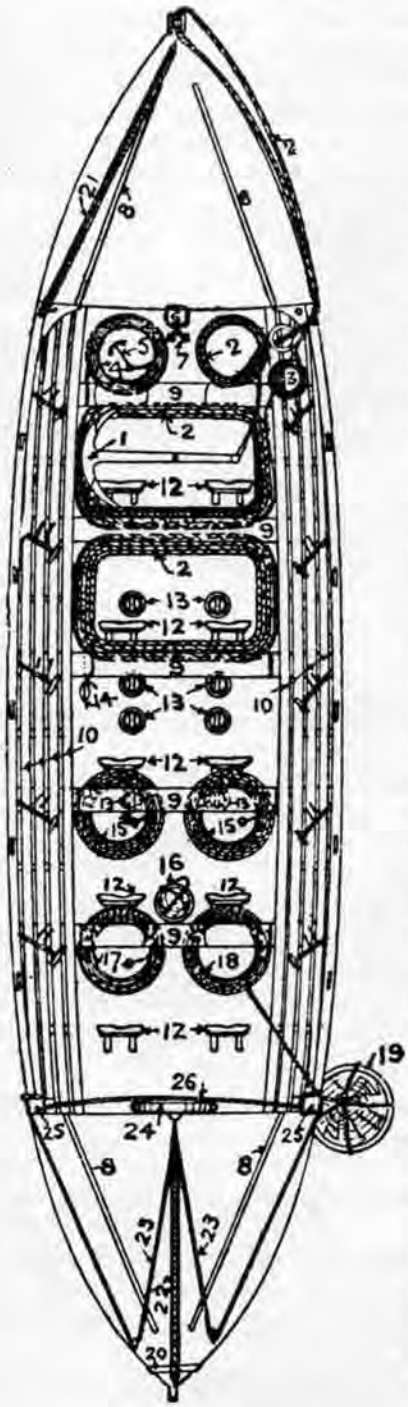
A lot of the features noted here are shared with *CHA*: the towing bollards, the anchor and warp, the relieving valves, the life buoy, the sheets, etc., but the mass of extra cordage beggars belief. In at least one of the Ribble boats this complexity was compounded by the oarsmen tying themselves to the thwarts and even to the oars, which had an horrific outcome, as you will discover.

Here is what Major AJ Dawson has to say about the disposition of all this gear, in *Britain's Lifeboats*:

"A place for everything and everything in its place" is a good old saw which applies with peculiar significance to the gear of a Life-boat, every item of which is lashed to its own part of the boat, so that in the event of capsize it may not be washed away.

DECK PLAN OF A SELF-RIGHTING LIFE-BOAT OF THE NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION, SHOWING THE MANNER IN WHICH ITS GEAR IS STOWED

(The title, drawing and list have been lifted from page 270 of *Britain's Life-Boats: The Story of a Century of Heroic Service*, by Major AJ Dawson, Foreward by Joseph Conrad, publ. 1923, Hodder & Stoughton)



LIST OF ARTICLES SHOWN

1. Anchor.
2. Cable.
3. Cat rope.
4. Bow heaving line.
5. Grapnel.
6. Towing bollard.
7. Knotter. *(A rope loop to hang on to)*
8. Hand rails.
9 Thwarts.
10. Thwart battens
11. Float lines.
12. Stretchers.
13. Relieving valves.
14. Tail block.
15. Veering lines.
16. Loaded cane, heaving line and tub.
17. Stern heaving line.
18. Drogue rope.
19. Drogue.
20. Drogue fair lead.
21. Jib outhaul.
22. Mizen sheet for No. 1 Rig.
23. „ „ No. 2 Rig.
24. Life-buoy.
25. Quarter bollards.
26. Coxswain's life-line.

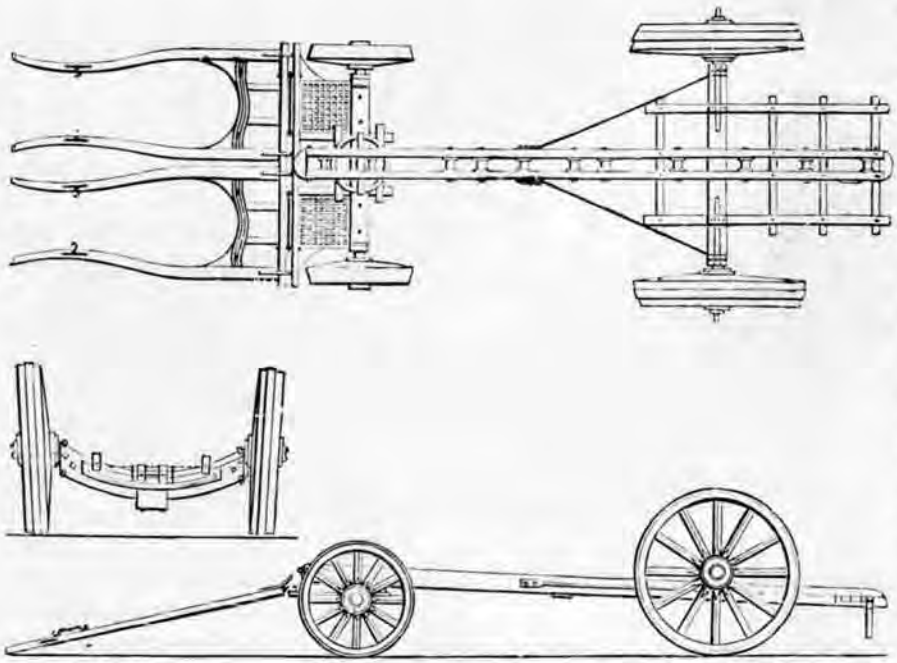
One reason why everything in a Life-boat has to be kept strictly in its own place is that no stowage room must be wasted, and no risks taken of impeding the crew's freedom of action in working the boat. Again, a great part of a Life-boat's work is carried out in pitch darkness, when it may be that sleet or hail or stinging spindrift is beating down upon the eyes and faces of the crew. In such conditions a man needs to be able to lay his hands instantly and without fumbling upon any item of the boat's gear, even though he cannot see it.

For these reasons a diagram is hung in every Life-boat house, showing a plan of the boat's interior and the authorised position for every item of its gear.

Here are some of the rules concerning the gear of Life-boats :

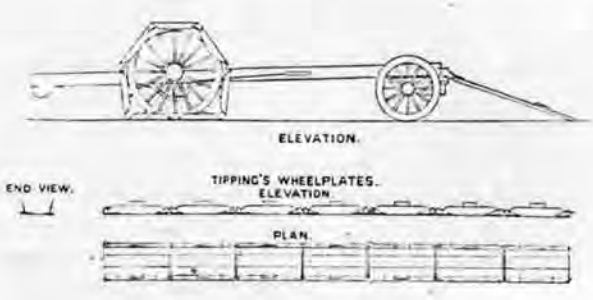
1. Every rope made securely fast to a thwart by one end, the other end being kept clear for instant use.
2. Each rope coiled as completely as possible under a thwart, so as to be kept clear of the men's feet.
3. Each rope coiled loosely, so as to allow the access of air to all parts of it; the four left-handed ropes, namely, the cable, and the three tanned lines—drogue rope, bow heaving-line, and stern heaving-line—being coiled left-handed to preserve the lay of the rope.
4. All loose gear, such as masts, sails, boat-hooks, spare oars, anchor, and the like, to be securely lashed. . . . Every coil of rope to be secured with a split yarn which can easily be broken when the rope is required, and serves to keep the coil in position should the boat be thrown on her beam-ends or capsized . . ." *(1923)*

THE LIFE-BOAT TRANSPORTING CARRIAGE



"The lifeboat transporting carriage is a very important auxiliary to the boat. Nearly every lifeboat, except a few of the larger size, is provided with a carriage, on which she is kept in the boathouse ready for immediate transportation to the most favourable position for launching to a wreck. A lifeboat is thus made available for a greater extent of coast than she otherwise would be ; and even when launched from abreast of the boathouse, she can generally be much quicker conveyed to the water's edge than without a carriage. In addition to this ordinary use, a carriage is of immense service in launching a boat from a beach ; indeed, to such an extent is this the case, that a boat can be readily launched from a carriage in a high surf, when without one it would often be very difficult to do so.

The carriage consists of a fore and main body. The latter is formed of a keelway, and of bilgeways attached to it, and resting on the main axle, the boat's weight being entirely on the rollers of the keelway. Its leading characteristics are that while for launching it forms an inclined plane, down which the boat can be launched off the rear end with considerable impetus, it can also be used for replacing the boat, the inclined plane being reversed by removing the fore-carriage." From *The Book of the Lifeboat* (1894)



(Left) This lifeboat carriage has been fitted with 'Tipping's Wheel Plates', which were a tremendous boon for heavy wagons on soft sand and shingle. No good for drive wheels, of course (the carriages were horse-drawn), but they also had a role in WWI, helping to prevent towed field artillery from sinking into soft going, and for Allenby's fifty-odd 'land trains' which supplied his army in Palestine. Maddeningly, the date of invention is given as 'towards the end of the 1880s', but I don't think the Southport boat would have had them for its long trek along the shore to get upwind of the *Mexico* – but I could be wrong.

THE LIFE-BELT USED BY THE CREWS OF THE LIFEBOATS OF THE NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION

" The requisite qualities of a lifeboat-man's life-belt are —

1. Sufficient extra buoyancy (maximum 28 lbs., minimum 25 lbs.*) to support a man heavily clothed with his head and shoulders above the water, or to enable him to support another person besides himself.

2. Perfect flexibility, so as to readily conform to the shape of the wearer.

3. A division into two zones, an upper and lower, so that between the two it may be secured tightly round the waist; for in no other manner can it be confined sufficiently close and secure round the body without such pressure over the chest and ribs as to materially affect the free action of the lungs, impede the muscular movement of the chest and arms, and thereby diminish the power of endurance of fatigue, which, in rowing-boats, is a matter of vital importance.

4. Strength, durability, and non-liability to injury"

Title, text and drawing taken directly from The Book of the Lifeboat, *edited and arranged by JC Dibdin and John Ayling, published by Oliphant Anderson & Ferrier (1894)*

* Maximum 12.7 kilos, minimum 11.34 kilos

LIFE-BELTS

(From *The Life-Boat*, for February 1921)

IF THE MANY PROBLEMS which have confronted the technical officers of the Institution few have caused so much careful thought and discussion as the design of an efficient life-belt.

Until the year 1904 the question was comparatively simple. Cork-jackets were the vogue — if one may borrow a term from the dressmaker's dictionary — and cork is not a material of which the utility and efficiency can be increased by any peculiar cut of the jacket.

In December 1904, however, a new substance — kapok — came into use. It is a fibrous substance obtained from plants in the Dutch East Indies, notably Java, and it was used for stuffing cushions before its buoyant qualities were discovered. Kapok belts were issued to two lifeboat stations for trial. As a result of these trials this new substance was adopted, and belts made of it were distributed to all the crews in 1906.

Kapok is superior to cork in several very important particulars. It is more durable, not being liable, as is cork, to become brittle and to break; it is lighter; the belts made of it are less clumsy to wear; and they will support more weight for a longer time. These are great advantages.

It was found, however, that it was possible for an unconscious man, wearing a kapok belt, to float with his face entirely submerged. It may here be said that the life-belt which will support an unconscious man with his face clear of the water under every conceivable condition has yet to be devised. However, in 1917 the Board of Trade informed the Institution that, since its life-belts failed in this respect, it was unable to approve of them. Exhaustive experiments were again carried out, and a second kapok belt was designed, which, in the opinion of both the Institution and the Board of Trade, fulfilled the necessary conditions.

The new belt was issued to the crews, but complications occurred at once, for it was received with protest from Land's End to John o' Groats! It was much more cumbersome than the old, and while a few crews approved of it, and some were indifferent between the two, the great majority heartily disliked it. Some, indeed,

refused to wear it at all! It was therefore necessary to reopen the whole question just as it seemed to have been settled.

The Board of Trade was entirely sympathetic, and eventually approved of a return to the first and more comfortable kapok belt, on the clear understanding that it be worn by men on their own responsibility. The immediate difficulty was thus removed. But, naturally, the Institution was not content to let matters rest at this, and again most careful experiments had to be carried out.

As a result, a third kapok belt was designed in 1920. It is the first belt with certain modifications, and, in the opinion of the technical advisers of the Institution, gives the maximum of security that it is possible to obtain consistent with the ease in wearing on which the crews themselves insist.

The final choice is left to the crews, and each Life-boat crew decides for itself whether it will wear the second and more cumbersome belt, or the original kapok belt with the modifications which later were made to it. With the designing of this third belt the Institution felt that everything which was humanly possible had been done to provide belts which the experts believed to be efficient and in which the crews themselves had confidence."

(And so another myth is dispelled: what we condemn as cumbersome and antiquated cork jackets were popular with lifeboat crews from 1854 for decades before they were fully replaced in the crews' affections. Stiff and unyielding they may have been by modern standards, but they were light and would have protected against bruised ribs when the wearer was flung from one part of the boat to another in a restless sea, and in the days of thin and wrinkly oilskins, which were often thrown on over street clothes before boarding the boat in a hurry, they no doubt contributed to upper-body warmth.

Kapok, even better than cork as insulation, remained popular as a filler for a very long time after the 1920s *(see Letters, page 10)*. It found its way into the flying suits used by pilots in WWII, for instance, and entered into DCA mythology when Frank Dye wore an ex-RAF flying suit on his 1964 North Sea crossing in his Wayfarer – filmed as *Summer Cruise* – during which they survived a F9 gale. Kapok gradually disappeared before the onset of new man-made fibres.)

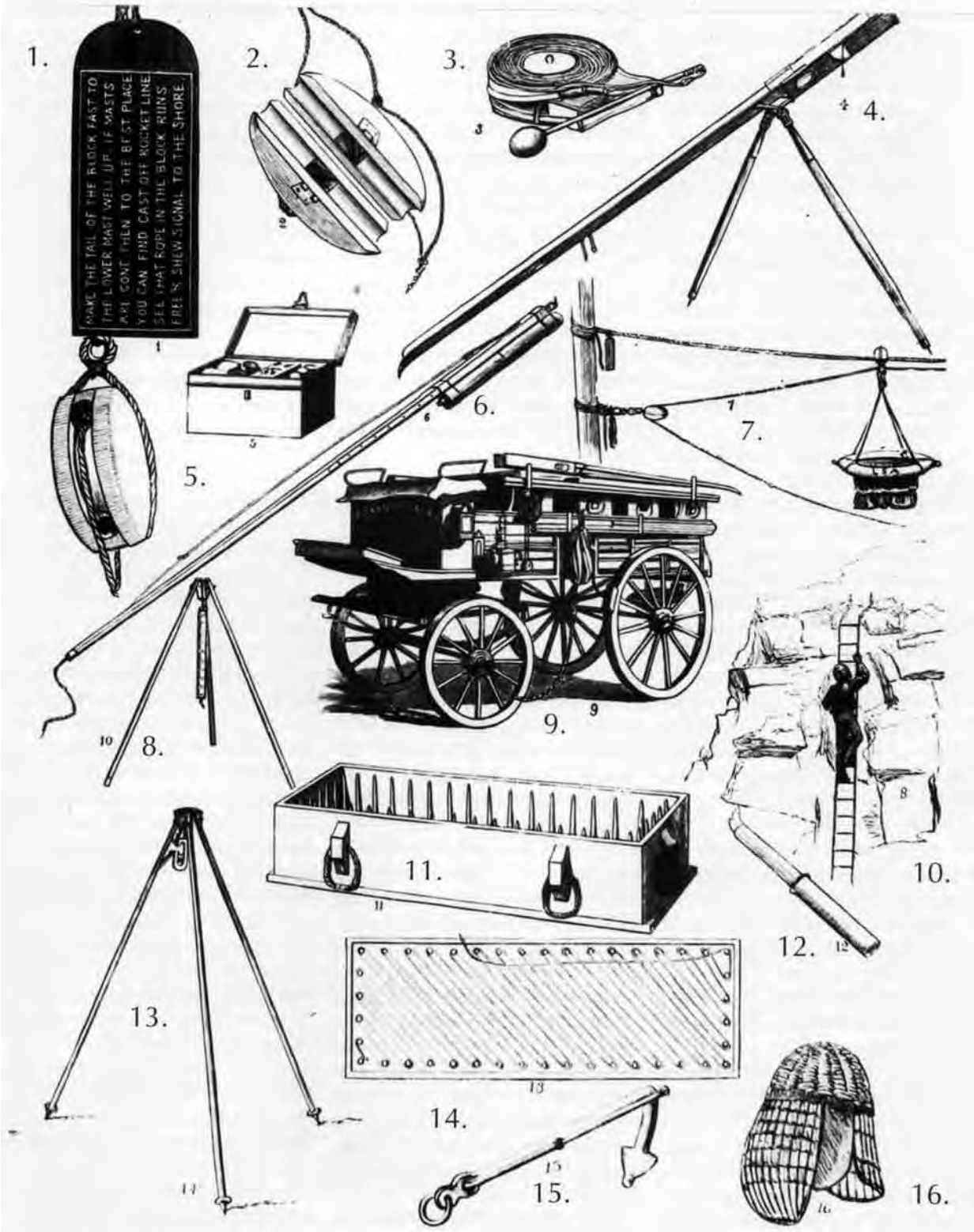
Two views of James Cable, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk. On the right he is modelling a cork life-belt, stiff oilskins and an unlined sou'wester in the studio of Messrs. Clarke & Son, Aldeburgh, while holding a neatly coiled rope. On the left he is back from a shout, careworn, tired, shoulders dropped, eyes still half-closed against the spray. Cable spent fifty years in the service, nearly thirty as Cox, and served on three different boats. He was awarded three siver medals by the RNLI and one by the Norwegian government.

Of his many gallant efforts, I like his rescue, on Nov 20th, 1893, of 14 crew from a dismasted, swamped ship off Aldeburgh, which was heading downwind for a barely submerged shoal through tremendous surf. He turned the lifeboat broadside to the oncoming wreck and anchored, intentionally making contact to slow it down and enable the crew to jump on board in its lee.

Then they sped downwind to Harwich, 21 miles away, putting two men on board a Hull Pilot boat that had lost its way, *en route*. At Harwich there was a telegram telling him of another wreck at Aldeburgh, so they beat back against the relentless weather but arrived too late. The whole community, including his wife and aged mother, turned out on the beach the following day to welcome home the lifeboat and crew from Harwich, where they had run for a second time, fleeing before the storm.

Board of Trade Equipment to Help in the Rescue of Shipwrecked Sailors

(Illustrated London News, 1886)



(Ignore small-print numbers) From left to right, top to bottom, the items are:

1. A whip-block and tally board 2. A hawser cutter 3. A heaving cane and line 4. A rocket launcher 5. A fuse box 6. A rocket 7. Whip, hawser and breeches buoy 8. A light 9. Board of Trade wagon 10. A cliff ladder in use. 11. A rocket line box 12. A portfire 13. A triangle 14. The rocket line box from above, showing how the line was set to avoid tangles in use 15. An anchor 16. Protective headgear(basketry!)

Messing Up In Boats by Bruce Bidwell

CA-RASH! The clatter of falling cookware and camp stove reverberate over an otherwise quiet cove and we are consumed by embarrassment. It's amazing how quickly things can go to hell, regardless of our confidence that they will not. Most all boaters have had such moments, but that's of little consolation as the event unfolds during our three minutes of shame.

My wife and I had only recently transitioned from daysailer to cruising sailboat and small lake to big river. Can't be that different, right? So off we go on our first weeklong adventure, filled with excitement and anticipation. The boat has taken almost two years of stolen time to transform from a pig's ear to a raised flush deck design echoing the lines of a Crocker Stone Horse, my dreamboat du jour. Painted deep green with off-white topsides and bright transom and trim, she's a head turner, or at least in my opinion. With hand-crafted oval port lights and laminated oak deck beams, there's a time past traditional warmth about her.

The trip begins well but deficiencies in boat and crew reveal themselves soon enough. The auxiliary outboard has no reverse, and it turns out that mosquito netting would have been a stellar idea. The crew is alternately spooked and awed by the tremendous freighters we share the skinny channel with, and boat handling in crowded waterways presents fresh challenges to our meager skills. But learning and adapting is all part of this game and for the most part we embrace it, viewing all as valuable lessons. Take docking for instance. Throw in an adverse wind, river current and no reverse, and just see how educational it can be.

We approach the dock under sail to counter the current, calculating that the wind will halt the boat smartly alongside. There are plenty of boaters there to lend a hand. It's a park island site and people are enjoying themselves sunning and swimming. Some are at the dock's picnic table preparing lunch. We make a beautiful approach until we pull alongside the dock and are caught by a malevolent gust. An example of the adage "Never trust a fart," our boom sweeps the picnic table clean while astonished onlookers gasp and run for cover.

While dockings were often fraught with trepidation after that, we did improve throughout the week. Our very best was textbook if I do say so. As we coasted to a stop alongside yet another park dock, we were buoyant about our accomplishment, and it probably showed to those on the dock. Someone yelled "Throw me your line, Skipper!" I beamed at this honorable distinction and then complied. I had not thought, however, to cleat the nicely coiled line to the boat first.

Since those early days, many happy years of boating have passed combined with plenty of educational moments. But with all the accumulated experience, s— still happens. Mercifully it happens less often, but…. Why, just this August we participated in a wooden boat show organized by the preeminent Beechwoods Yacht Club. We brought four small boats to display at the docks between two popular waterfront restaurants. The venue offered convenient access to food and drink. Some may say, too convenient. As evening arrived, preparations were being made to row back to the launch site. I won't mention names but what ensued while boarding a particularly tender dinghy involved a spectacular margarita induced capsize, a sloppy rescue, and a standing ovation. Just another day of Messing Up In Boats.

"Miss Adventure" at dock in the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River.

Author at oar, boldly going where others have gone before.

My tender dinghy (the boat) aptly named SWIMS. Don't drink and dink!

Over the Horizon

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

Environment

Sea Shepherd, the oceanic protesters and activists, can no longer compete against the Japanese whaling fleet that is fully backed by the Japanese government and her military providing the whalers with the highest level of surveillance and communications technology. The environmentalists have asked New Zealand to enforce the laws passed by the International Whaling Commission, endorsed by the International Court of Justice and the Australian mandates.

Japanese Prime Minister Abe openly supports the whaling industry of his country and President Trump bluntly defends Abe. Environmental groups maintain there is no justifiable need to hunt whales. Most whale meat goes into Japanese dog food. Can the Japanese Shin not exist without whale meat?

Gray Fleet

It may be beyond belief but another US Navy destroyer had a collision. The *USS Benfold* smacked a Japanese tugboat during exercises. Initial reports for Uncle Sam may point fingers at the tug but considering our skippers' performance records, one must wonder. Our ships' captains are improperly trained in seamanship from the Naval Academy up through the ranks and education to the date of change of command. Most people see this and comprehend it. Evidently the gold braids and shoulder stars in the Pentagon do not. Amazing, isn't it!

While pulling together your data for filing income taxes, remember that the Navy is spending billions of dollars, compliments of you (unless you make so much money that you don't have to pay taxes). T-ESB-3 *USS Lewis Puller* is a delightful addition to our fleet that could be used for, say, I don't know, something. Yes indeed people in the land of You Gotta Be Kidding Me, we have a multimillion dollar vessel but no job for it. USMC Major General David Coffman, when questioned about the *Puller*, said, "I am not saying *Puller* snuck up on us." Nevertheless, he had no explanation for what this little gray beauty will be used for. The Canoe Club did decide to move the ship from Sea Lift Command to the regular fleet for the time being. Old Chesty Puller would be so proud.

The Inner Circle of Gold Braids is also dealing with a political issue. Congress (naturally filled with naval experts and warriors of great depth of thinking and wisdom) wants to build small aircraft carriers in the realm of the light or Jeep Carriers of WWII that were originally used to transport planes around the oceans as replacements for lost plans on the fleet carriers. Later in the war they were also used as small carriers directly attacking the enemy. But the Navy and the Marine Corps see no need for this type of ship and they promote the continuance of LHA construction. LHA ships look like small carriers but handle helicopters and VTOL planes instead of jets. They are used in landing assault troops, missions requiring choppers (search and recovery) and medical treatment facilities for wounded.

Dwight Eisenhower was once asked to explain how the Allies won WWII and he said that it was simple, "Logistics, logistics, logistics." The US was able to provide food, clothing, weapons, ammunition and other supplies as necessary while neither Germany nor Japan could. Admiral J.J. (Jocko) Clark, whined in Washington that the Pacific fleet leadership failed to chase the Japanese after Pearl Harbor, ineptly fought the Japanese at Coral Sea and could have done more at Midway. Clark, never missing an opportunity to belittle officers above him, failed to understand the issue of logistics.

After Pearl Harbor, the Navy still had most of its Pacific Fleet intact except for the battleships. The Japanese committed a fatal blunder when they failed to destroy the huge oil farms at the Naval Base. What Clark and his ilk ignored totally is that the US had six months of fuel sitting in Hawaii but it only had two oilers in the entire Pacific, although one was in San Diego. Ships can run all over hell but they are not going anywhere without oil, as few historians take into consideration. The US lost an oiler at Coral Sea and all senior officers afloat were keenly aware that they could not chase the enemy with no available fuel.

The US entered WWII with 75 supply ships and ended the war with 1,267 such vessels, including floating dry docks. But we did not learn our lesson. During the Cold War the military transferred logistics, repair and supply ships to the Military Sealift Command, a quasi military/civilian service. A recent study on supply and logistics by Lt Col James Hammond, III (USMC retired) suggests that the US is back to the old position of pushing for more warships but ignoring how we will fuel and supply them. It is easy to sell a new aircraft carrier or guided missile cruiser on Capitol Hill but no one gets excited about a fleet oiler.

In an attempt to strut our stuff, the military organized a unified operation using three carriers and their carrier groups (support ships, destroyers, oilers, etc). The *Ronald Reagan, Theodore Roosevelt* and *Chester Nimitz* joined up near Asia with the mission of showing off to North Korea who probably is not paying any attention or does not care. From a terrorist perspective, three of America's 11 carriers within spitting distance of each other is a dream come true. On the other hand, carriers have not been an essential and absolutely necessary element of combat since the Korean War that ended in 1952!

Some wag mentioned that the next great war will not be between armies and navies but between cyber commanders and attacking drones.

Piracy

Just when we thought it safe to sail in global waters, out comes the recent reports on pirates. *USS Howard* (DDG-83) rescued a crew from Iranian outlaws using fishing dhows to reach and board a freighter. They provided food and water to the crew and medical assistance to three wounded sailors. No word on what they did to the watery bandits. Unfortunately, the governments of the flagged ships refuse to prosecute many pirates fearing all sorts of retaliation by Iran, Somalia and other havens for the brigands.

Bob Bitchin, the cherubic publisher of *Cruising Outpost*, informs us that nefarious folks boarded a cargo ship with the intent of general larceny. The Nigerian navy, alerted and at the ready, rescued the ship and towed it back to port for investigation. Several crew were missing. Agile pirates climbed up the chain and entered a ship via the hawse pipe, however, crew raised the alarm and quickly mustered forcing the robbers to escape with minimal ship properties.

Off Indonesia an alert crewman noticed a speeding boat immediately aft of their position. Alarms went off, crew was gathered, searchlights were shone and the almost pirates realized they were better off by calling it a night.

Small Boats

An interesting article passed this desk about the popular wave of amateur shipbuilders who are crafting rigid small boats from foam and encapsulating them in epoxy. *Duckworks* published a wonderful article discussing the processes to build such a boat and offered a lengthy listing of foam categories. The flexibility strength and crushability of each is compared.

Most foam comes as EPS (expanded foam), XPS (closed cell foam) or ISO (polyisocyuanurat). The former is the typical pink or blue stuff we see in the Big Box stores and use as insulation. The XPS stuff is found in life jackets, cushions, seats, etc. ISO is a thermoset plastic similar to polyurethane except that the proportion of methylene diphenyl diisocyanate is higher and a polyester derived polyol is used in the reaction instead of a polyether polyol (whatever the hell that means). It usually comes with a tinfoil wrapped side.

For those who suffered through Organic Chemistry and made sundry kinds of foams such as Styrofoam or foam rubber understand the differences. Personally, my experiment on foam ended up as a disgustingly odiferous sludge soaking through my cardboard mold. I immediately switched majors from Pharmacy to History.

Mississippi Bob, Apple Valley, Minnesota's greatest boat builder, tried to make one of these a few years ago and wrote about it in *MAIB*. He later confessed to me that his endeavors were costly, difficult and a general waste of time. But evidently there remains a mess of crazy people who like to do silly things like building a boat out of pink foam insulation.

Well, it may not be a small boat item but it sure isn't a big boat thing either. The newest assault on boater sensibilities is the production of 350hp outboard engines. One ad shows the requisite bikini clad blonde luxuriating on a boat that leaves a whale of a wake at speeds all fishermen and shallow water sailors are supposed to drool over. The boat is obviously rocketing with four 350hp motors. Potter sailors and owners of Sunfish blush and become aroused at the thought of putting such a creation on their boats. One must wonder what the injury might be if a water skier was going full throttle and fell. Just imagine the gas quantity that is guzzled with four of these beasts sucking fuel. Just imagine if you could put these on a foiling boat. Speed of light, perhaps?

Big River

The Minnesota River, in its entirety, is now considered an infested waterway teeming with bighead and grass carp and zebra mussels. People cannot take baitfish, fish

commercially or take turtles from the river. If moving a craft from that river to any other body of water, the owner must wash the boat with hot water and allow five days of drying time as well as cleaning out any trash and drain plugs.

Dubuque, Iowa, replaced the massive gate at Lock #11 for a paltry $3.1 million of taxpayer's donations to Uncle Sam. Unfortunately, the big doors were twisted beyond acceptable limits. Johnson Machine Co, who built these behemoths, maintains that this is common due to welding distortion. The fine folks of Johnson Machine will "adjust" their effort at no cost to the government. So East Dubuque, Illinois, has a pretty large and heavy door sitting around doing nothing (East Dubuque, Illionis, is famous for Al Capone's illicit gambling and liquor distribution center).

Along several rivers throughout the US people have built boathouses and anchored them on the shores. The movie *Sleepless in Seattle* featured an architectural wonder where the hero, Tom Hanks, lived in the waters of the Northwest. In Manhattan, such living structures are far and away cheaper ($750 marina fee) than a $2,500 loft one room apartment. Cedar Rapids, Iowa, long has maintained a boat harbor with dozens of homemade boathouses ranging from two story quarters replete with picture windows and sundecks to square boxes on floats.

Big River News featured boathouse building along the Black River in Wisconsin using a plethora of 4"x4"s, planks, plywood, and many blue barrels. The pulchritude of each house is dependent on the owner's wishes and willingness to invest time for a place to rusticate between April and November. This particular article piqued the interest of Michael J. Regan and his more handsome and intelligent brother, one Doc Regan. Paraphrasing my Jewish friends, "Next Year in Guttenberg."

Minnesotan Mark Moseby caught the record catfish on the St Croix River near Stillwater. This lunker measured at 52" long with girth of 32" and meager weight of 75 pounds. After photos, measurement, weighing, etc, Mr Moseby wonderfully released this granddaddy back to the Mother Nature Retirement Center for Old Fish and Assorted Bottom Feeders.

Merchant Fleet

China recently launched an all electric battery operated coal carrier (somewhat ironic). Guangzhou Shipyard constructed this 2,000 dwt vessel that can sail at 7 knots up to 40nm between charges thanks to 2,400 kilowatt hours of lithium ion batteries that take about two hours to charge. Two Voith type cycloidial drives propel this ship.

The US Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York, has achieved something no other military academy has accomplished, probation and possible loss of academic accreditation by the Middle States Commission on Higher Education. This institution is on par with the Naval Academy, West Point and the Air Force Academy but rather than supervised by Superintendents and the Chiefs of Staff of the respective services within the Defense Department, USMMA is under the jurisdiction of the Department of Transportation and therefore has no overall supervision except for the head of the department's Director of Maritime Administration, a political appointment.

Academically, the school eliminated their Sea Year, a 12-month at sea experiential program that was the heart and soul of their existence. Secondly, the USMMA has had an overwhelming number of sexual harassment complaints about which nothing was done. Third, the school lacks supervision, control and academic oversight. No Superintendent of recent years possesses academic credentials or even military/merchant ship credentials. All service academies, both federal and private (VMI, for example), have flag officers serving as their headmasters. USMA has had lower level officers. They have had no really experienced officers at the helm since 2009.

This writer is a former university academic dean. The probationary status from the regional Commission of Higher Education is a blow to the solar plexus. Such a black eye impacts everything from admission to graduate schools to acceptance as commissioned officers in the Navy or Coast Guard. The implications of collapse at all levels of administration are exposed to the world and bring questions about the quality of graduates academically and ability to successfully do their jobs.

This significant failure is a product of Congress who thinks it knows more about education, maritime operations and the needs of the country than the experts. The statutory morass is an evolutionary foul up of neglect, insouciance and politics. Coupled with the Jones Act, the USMMA is a major force of incompetence among our merchant officers.

Norumbega Chapter WCHA

By Steve Lapey

Nashua River in September

Our fall outing on the Nashua River could not have been better, nice people to paddle with, pretty wooden canoes, lots of birds and unlimited sunshine. Hurricane Jose had just gone out to sea and the usual clear skies moved in right behind him for us to enjoy.

Gary and Diane Amirault arrived early with the old 16' Morris that was made prior to 1910, looking sharp flying the American flag.

Phil Schneider and his grandson Jeb paddled the 1964 Old Town Tripper. Jeb recently returned from a summer of canoe tripping at Keewaydin. This was his third year at Keewaydin and he is looking forward to returning next year.

Doug Devoe arrived with a well used Mad River canoe made of Kevlar. His Old Town OTCA is still a long way from getting back on the water so the Mad River will have to do for the time being. Marsha McKee joined us for the trip but, as her Old Town trapper is currently staying at the cabin in Vermont, she took over the bow seat in Doug's canoe. I paddled in the red Sweet Sixteen, this canoe has gotten a lot of use this summer and will need some paint and varnish work this winter.

There were many power boats with fishermen with whom we had to share the river. Some of them appeared to be having some luck, others were busily speeding from one spot to another in search of the big fish. I fail to see the need for 250hp outboard motors on 17' boats on a river like the Nashua. We, on the other hand, got to enjoy the scenic beauty of this stretch of the Nashua from Groton to Pepperell at a leisurely pace in our quiet canoes.

The bird life was abundant, we saw about a dozen mute swans and their cygnets, osprey, red tailed hawks, great blue herons, a cormorant, several species of unknown ducks and a pair of large hawks that we couldn't identify, possibly rough legged hawks.

The wind was light and we easily paddled from the put in to the Pepperell Dam where we took a break and then returned to the put in for a picnic lunch at the Groton Boat Launching area.

Heading home we noticed several old wood canvas canoes for sale on a lawn. Of course, we had to stop and look at the interesting canoes. There was a Robertson along with several Old Towns, two of which were AA grade, all in pretty rough condition, however, several of them appeared to be good candidates for restoration. It turned out that the seller was Brian Alcott who said he had been a WCHA member in the past and remembered attending a Norumbega event on the Charles River many years ago.

Unfortunately, having a canoe on the roof rack prevents one from bringing one more home, so, we had to leave the canoes for the next passers by. All in all, it was a nice day of canoeing and a great way to finish up the 2017 paddling season.

These were just a few of the mute swans that we saw on the Nashua River.

The Prospector Project

September 9

Our Chapter Project for the 2018 Assembly kicked off on September 9. We had eight members here at the canoe shop working on parts and pieces of the new 16' Prospector that we will have ready for the Assembly Auction next July. Ribs were milled from northern white cedar, Sitka spruce inwales were bent and notches were put into two stems. Gary Amirault, John Fiske, John Fitzgerald, Lawton Gaines, Steve Hodge, Jeff Morrill, Greg O'Brien and Bob Smith were steaming, sawing, planing and sanding all morning and by midday we had two stems, two inwales and 40 ribs ready to go.

Lawton Gaines, Steve Lapey and Bob Smith keeping busy as John Fitzgerald runs rib stock through the table saw.

September 16

Gary Amirault. John Fiske, Lawton Gaines, Steve Hodge and Greg O'Brien joined in to make planking for the Prospector. Taken from a pile of 1"x4" northern white cedar, each board was first ripped on one side to about $3\frac{1}{2}$", then the other side went through the table saw for a finished width of 3". Next each board was resawn into three boards, each one about $\frac{5}{16}$" thick, then all of them had to take multiple passes through the thickness planer to bring them down to $\frac{5}{32}$". We then had all of the planking that we will need along with the stems, inwales and ribs that were made on September 9, so we were ready to build the hull.

From a pile of boards to a stack of planking.

September 30

For this session the outline first called for pulling the Prospector building form, which is large, bulky, awkward and very heavy, from the storage shed and across the yard to the canoe shop. Fortunately, we had wheels and winches to make the task a little easier. A light rain was falling as we began and just as we were getting the form inside the light rain became a downpour. Volunteers today included Gary Amirault, Tom Anderson, all the way from Granville, Massachusetts, Doug Deyoe, Lawton Gaines, Ted Harrigan and Steve Hodge.

After getting dried off and refueled with coffee and the donuts that Ted Harrigan brought, we got down to the rest of the day's objectives. The building form had been sitting in the shed for several years since it was

last used and the squirrels had been nesting in the lower portion of it. The shop vac took care of most of the debris and soon we were clamping the inwales in place and installing the stems in their notches and getting everything lined up. With the form all set up we were ready for the next shop session where we will steam and bend the 40 ribs over the form and nail them to the inwales.

Fresh from the storage barn the Prospector building form is ready for use again

Ted Harrigan, Lawton Gaines and Gary Amirault check the alignment of one of the stems.

Special fixture for cutting the angles on the ends of the inwales. Here at the canoe shop we like to get this cut taken care of before the inwales are mounted on the form, it makes joining the ends later a much easier and faster job.

October 14

We had a large team of volunteers, including Gary Amirault, Tom Bickford, Bill Clements, Doug Deyoe, John Fitzgerald, Steven Hodge, Jeff Morrill and Greg O'Brien on hand to bend the ribs onto the canoe form. Fitz brought the large steam box. The stainless steel milk can on top of the propane fueled turkey fryer produced enough steam to power a locomotive!

This large steam box, made by the late Lou Mutchler, only comes out for special occasions!

The ribs had been soaking for several hours and when the steam box reached 200ºF we put them in for 30 minutes before starting the bending. The first one went well, the second one snapped. After that only one other broke so Jeff volunteered to return the following Wednesday to help put in the two replacements. We did not have extra ribs available as they are all different sizes and the replacements took some time to create. Everyone took turns bending and nailing the ribs to the form. Most of them were easy bends but the last three at each end required quite a bit of encouragement and persuasion to get them bent over the stems.

October 21

We started the planking portion of the project. First to go on were the two garboards which required a lot of steaming and bending to make the difficult curves where the bottom planking twists to join the stem. After the garboards were both on the next several planks went on full length with no steaming needed.

A wet towel and a hot iron produced the steam required to bend the plank at the stem.

Helping with this were Gary Amirault. John Fiske, John Fitzgerald, Steve Hodge, Greg O'Brien and Bob Smith. By the end of the session we had most of the planking, including the goring section, done on one side.

October 28

We did most of the planking on side two of the hull. Volunteers included Gary Amirault, John Fitzgerald, Steve Hodge and Jeff Morrill.

November 4

This was the big day when we were done with all the planking that could be done on the form and we were able to remove the hull from the form. This is always an exciting moment. exposing for the first time what the inside of the new canoe is going to look like. As soon as the hull came off the form we tied the ends together and installed temporary thwarts to hold the shape.

Finally we rolled the building form out of the shop and back into the storage shed where it will wait for the next opportunity to make a Prospector. Helpers today were John Fiske, John Fitzgerald and Steve Hodge.

November 11

We had a large group on hand to put on more planking, almost to the sheer line. In addition, we fitted and installed the decks. The rib tips were trimmed close to the inwales and we got a start on reclenching the tacks. Although the steel bands on the building form do a pretty good job of clenching the tacks, each and every one of them will require another couple of hammer blows with the clinching iron held against the rib.

On this Veteran's Day we were joined by Gary Amirault, John Fiske, John Fitzgerald, Lawton Gaines Jeff Morrill, Greg O'Brien and David Shwide, who travelled all the way from Plainville, New York, for the event.

Gary and Greg fitting one of the decks.

November 18

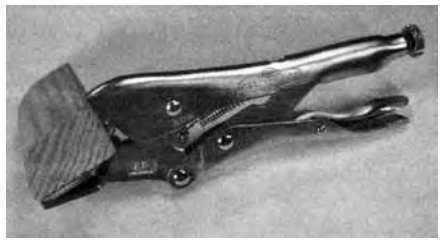
Our team of volunteers, Gary Amirault, Doug Deyoe, John Fiske, Lawton Gaines, Jeff Morrill and Greg O'Brien finished off the final row of planking along the sheer line, reclenched all of the tacks, trimmed the planking at the stems and started the fairing of the planking with the long board sander. By the end of November the goal is to do a final hand sanding of the ribs on the inside, do a good clean up and get a first coat of thinned varnish on the interior. Two additional coats of varnish will have to be put on before we canvas it on December 2. The expected date for the filling is December 9, after that it will have to hang from the rafters for six weeks while the filler cures. During January we will schedule sessions to make the thwarts, seats and outwales. February should keep us busy with priming, painting and more varnishing. Finally, the stem bands will go on and this Prospector will be ready for its trip to Canada.

Tools For the Canoe Shop

Modified Vise Grip Pliers for Stretching Canvas

Report and Photos by Steve Lapey

Bill Clements came up with this design for modifying a pair of Vise Grip pliers for stretching canvas over 20 years ago and it is still the best we have seen.



For starters, acquire a pair of Vise Grip pliers, model 8-R. The 8-R is sold as a sheet metal forming tool. The HVAC people use them all the time for making quick bends in small pieces of sheet metal. The 8-R is available from many online sources and some of the better hardware retailers for under $20.

A hardwood block has to be added that acts as a fulcrum against the inwale. Rocking the pliers back stretches the canvas while the wood block prevents damage to the inwale. With the canvas drawn tight a pair of stainless steel staples will hold it until it's time to move on to the next position. Slick and easy!

The hardwood block that is added to the Vise Grip pliers is best made of oak or ash. I used ash for the one that appears in these pictures, starting with a piece of wood a full 1" thick by 1¼" wide, The piece I used was about 2' long and the extra length was needed to safely make the notch in the next step.

Using a stacked dado cutter in the table saw, I made a notch in the ash to accommodate the hump where the plier blade is attached to its handle. While I was at it I made another notch in the ash which could be used to make another block. After the notch is tested for fit the block can be cut to fit the width of the plier's blade.

Now the block needs to be attached to the fixed blade of the pliers, this is done by drilling two holes in the blade. The holes have to be large enough for #6 wood screws and countersunk. Flat head screws are best, but round heads or pan heads would work as well and there would be no need to countersink. The screws need to be no longer than ½", the ends should not extend out of the other side of the wood block.

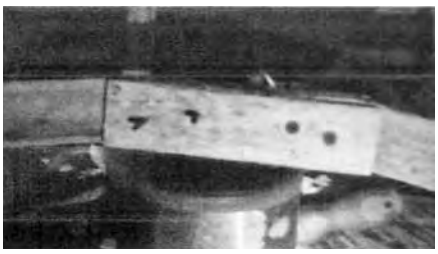
This is the tool with just the square edged block of ash attached to the 8-R pliers.

To round over the wood block I found that the quickest and easiest way was on the bench top belt sander. Lacking one of these sanders one could use a block plane and finish up with some hand sanding.

And this is the finished tool with the edge rounded over, the rounded edge rolls against the inwale to stretch the canvas while the wide, flat blades hold the canvas securely.

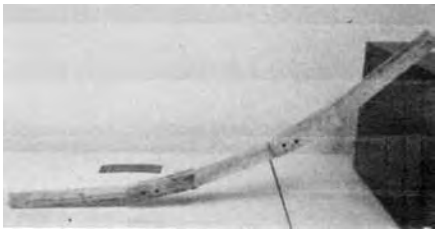
I had a very disconcerting moment right after I brought that chine section in to the Hutchinson Center to take that shot of it leaning on those two chairs in Part XII. I laid it on the desk for a moment and, as I looked at it lying there I suddenly thought, "It's happening. I'm about to have one of those oh drat, or imprecatory equivalent, moments! I'm going to have to take it apart and shift those pieces."

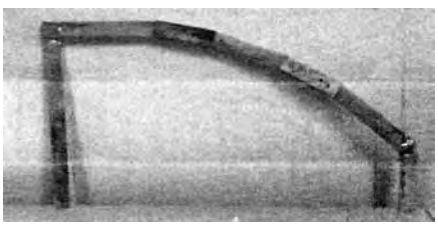
But then I realized, "Nope. All I have to do, as goofy as it may sound, is to take those triangles that stick out on one side off and stick them in on the other side." So I did. The next two shots are of one section with those "two triangles that stick out" still on there (top) and the one below is a shot of that same section with the triangles removed and inserted into the groove on the other side of that section.



If it looks like two of the screws on the one on the right haven't had the ends snapped off yet it's because they haven't. I wanted to get both things done on that one before the glue dried. On the next chine I plan to design a more efficient sequence. Meanwhile, here's a shot of the rough cut (still needs work to smooth out the curve) starboard chine.

Incidentally, the length may not be as much of a problem as I thought. Even if I decide on 4' sections I think I can probably put her up on her side when she's not being worked on. Then, when I start on the next section, I figure one of them can go and roost on the cabin top for the time being. Here is *Dancing Chicken* trying on a length of about 3'6".





Dancing Chicken

A MiniSaga in (?) Parts
Part XIII

Uh oh. I'm standing here looking at this photograph and realizing something and remembering a couple of things. I'm realizing for one thing that I almost just painted myself into a corner into which I'd begun to paint myself in Part I. I'm remembering that "Suddenly this summer" sentence (me, quoting me, from Part I). Here are a couple or so more of those quotes from that section in which we can trace the process of my maneuvering myself into that corner.

In a mood of lighthearted adventure, of which I am, of course, an avowed advocate, I almost had *Dancing Chicken* going out on her maiden voyage wearing something reminiscent of that episode of "I Love Lucy" that featured Lucy's first attempt at dressmaking (www.metacafe.comilovelucy, season 2, episode 28, Jess Oppenheimer).

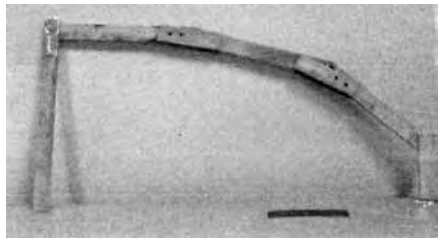
While I scoffingly referred in Part I to "real or imagined design defects" I also somewhat later admitted, "It is true though that some of these misgivings might be at least somewhat valid. I can see various aspects of the design that might, for various real reasons, not be optimal." And I had spent a lot of time earlier, while back at the Terry Camper, trying to figure out how to correct these defects. It's also true that it would probably have been a lot harder to have corrected them at that time since the hull was yellow pine which is notoriously brittle (not to mention the hull being about 30 years old). These may have been some of the factors that led to my deciding to just "try it and see what happens."

OK, lighthearted and adventurous perhaps, but the logic of any of my premises here sort of hits the wall when I realize that I have enough data to pretty much know what will probably happen. Most likely, if I proceed with the build without the corrections I drew a few months ago and then put aside, *Dancing Chicken* will just simply not look as good aesthetically or perform as well in a practical sense as she will if I do use those corrections (She's probably going to look somewhat goofy in any case, but if so, that is, of course, inevitable.)

I know, I know, I keep doing this but I'm pretty sure that the last couple or so modifications I've done really have been of significant benefit (what might be referred to scientifically as "viable mutations"). Also, one good thing is that if I do these now, it won't have that much effect on the progress of the build since if I proceed from here it will only be a matter of bringing that curve down a very little bit further than in that photo in Part XII which includes the O'Day Mariner cockpit cover arch, continuing the curve a bit further forward (which with the new construction method should be fairly easy), slightly altering a couple of the angles and then providing her with an appropriate bow member.

Here she is on the workboard having her makeover. The workboard itself is suspended over the original work table so that other stuff can go on underneath. Here is a picture of a part for *Dancing Chicken* in process in the area under the workboard.

And here she is with her new makeover (set up temporarily so I could take the shot). She doesn't, I guess, look that much different to the casual observer than she looked before, and these are, in fact, not exactly the corrections I drew while back in the Terry Camper. Actually, what I have now may be closer to what I originally aimed at 30 years ago or so and missed. Anyway, the part of my mind that kept itching and biting her nails and tugging at my sleeve while I was trying to fix dinner, seems to be OK with it.



So it looks like this is what she's going to be wearing for her maiden voyage. Will she get to wear it this spring? I really think it's starting to look like, well, maybe I'd better just say, "We shall see."

BOB'S BOATS BUILDING & REPAIR

In My Shop

By Mississippi Bob

The Great 77

Part 3

In my last installment I was pulling wires from my new stitch and glue project, a 10' scow. When I actually got into pulling wires I began to wish that I had used copper wire. I broke off a couple of wires in the seam and that kept me from making long strokes with my Bailey plane. Copper conducts heat better and is much easier to pull out.

OK, I got most of the wires out and I marked where the broken ones were. Then I got out my Dad's old Bailey Jointer plane and started removing wood from the joints. I used a belt sander where the wires were still in place. I wanted a good radius on these seams and with this combination I managed to get the desired shape. Then, with the belt sander, I rounded the seam still further. I worked at it until I could see the white fillet material. Basically I had cut all the way through the plywood on the side seams. I was not quite so aggressive where the bottom joined the transoms but I did round them to a 1/4" radius. I did the same on the corners. I am fussy about rounding all the edges because I plan to cover the bottom and sides with one piece of 6oz fiberglass cloth. Glass doesn't like sharp corners.

I messed up when I glassed in the stern transom. I wrapped a couple of layers of glass around the stern corners. These held things together when I did the assembly but it looked ugly. I used a different system on the bow and didn't have the same problem. I used the belt sander and rounded the stern corners and then sanded off much of this mistake. Then I began sanding with my disk sander where I had filled the screw hole that I had made earlier. I went over the entire hull with a finer disk on the sander very lightly.

This boat is being built from lauan underlayment and is hard to sand because the outer plies are paper thin. I wanted to put on a coat of epoxy over the whole hull before I give it any more sanding. So I next applied a coat of epoxy resin over the entire outside of the hull using a 3" paint roller. This single layer took forever to cure, partly because my shop was too cool. Thin coatings of epoxy cure slowly because they don't generate enough heat to set up fast. I had the time to wait so it was several days before I got back to the boat.

When I got back to working on *77* the resin had hardened up well and it sanded well. When the resin has cured well it will create sanding dust. If it is not cured long enough it simply gums up the sandpaper. I next swept off all the dust, then got out the 6oz cloth and rolled it out over the bottom. I started at the top of the bow transom and held it in place with a spring clamp, then unrolled it until it was past the stern. I cut it off long enough to cover the stern transom. Then I straightened it so that it hung down equally on both sides. This 60" glass was about a 1/4" short of the edges on both sides near the center of the boat. Not a problem, the part that was missed will eventually be covered by the outwales.

I next trimmed the glass to fit nicely over both transoms, then cut the side section to about 2" beyond the sides. This would wrap around the transom at the last step in coating on the resin. I used another 3" roller and a squeegee to apply the resin. My first batch of resin got poured out in the center of the bottom then spread out with the roller. This batch covered from gunwale to gunwale across the center section about 18" wide. I mixed several more batches of resin and extended the coverage going towards both ends. I like to use several small batches because I have had batches of resin cooking off in the mixing pot. I have learned that when it starts getting hot in my hand it's time to throw it out, OUTSIDE. When it starts generating heat it can get really hot and is a source of fires.

As I continued towards the ends of the boat I used the squeegee to move the excess resin over to the uncovered parts. The roller applies too much resin and I allow it some time for it to completely wet out the cloth, then I move the excess to the uncovered area. I wet out the transoms, then wrapped the side tabs around the corners and stuck them down on top of the fabric that covered the transoms. Before I called it done I used the squeegee again to smooth out any wrinkles. They mostly form on the sides because there is some excess glass on the sides. Now that operation is done, it took about two hours. I always make sure I have enough time to complete this job in one operation.

Here's the boat with a freshly glassed bottom,

OK, so I'm not done. I looked at the hull the next day and decided to add a layer of fiberglass tape all the way around the bottom. I probably should have done this before I glassed the hull. Mostly I wanted the extra layer of glass on the seam. I got out the roll of 4" tape and rolled it out along the entire edge. I cut it at each corner and rounded up the ends. I also pulled out several fibers from the rounded ends. I then mixed a small batch of epoxy and wet out the tape using a chip brush.

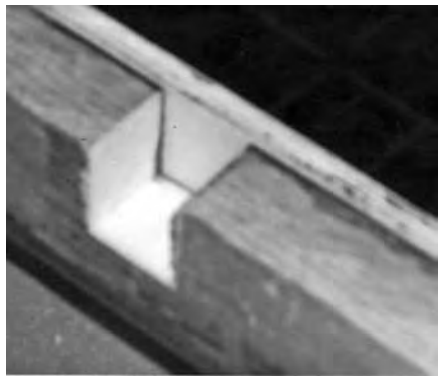
I felt that the corners were not well covered so I cut out some 4" circles from the trimmings. These round pieces laid over the corners very well and they will provide some extra strength at the corners. I was impressed by how well they smoothed out.

The tape cut to length and trimmed.

Now when this was all cured it was time to roll the boat right side up. The unfinished hull is light enough so rolling over is easy. When right side up the first thing was to trim off the extra glass that extended beyond the sheer line. The utility knife wouldn't do the job but my hack saw removed it very well. I next sanded the surface and removed any sharp edges.

I wanted two fore and aft stringers to go the length of the boat. These would help to define the shape and size of the cockpit. They would also help to support the deck. I kept these stringers straight and played with the spacing a little. When I was happy I cut notches into the top of the birch bulkheads to accommodate these pieces. I had been thinking for a while about how to support the ends of these pieces when the light came on and I realized that I also needed something to fasten the deck to.

Out of the blue it came to me that I should add cap strips across both bulkheads and the transoms. I made the cap strips out of 1"x2" pine. I fitted them into place carefully, then marked where the notches should be to seat in the fore and aft stringers. I removed them long enough to cut out the notches on my table saw set to the depth that I needed. The cap strips on the bulkhead went on the cockpit side of each bulkhead. This further shortened the cockpit. I temporarily screwed them in place with some 1/4" wood screws. The ones on the transom simply fit inside the hull.



The cap strip on the stern transom and the notch.

I wanted a smooth edge on the sides of the cockpit knowing that at times my bare feet would be there when I used them hiking out. I also wanted extra strength where I sat so I added another 1/4" piece of popal. I cut this to length with the rounded edge facing the cockpit. I glued this in place on the stringers.

This narrowed the cockpit by 1½". I removed the wood screws and mixed a small batch of epoxy and glued everything into place except the fore and aft stringers.

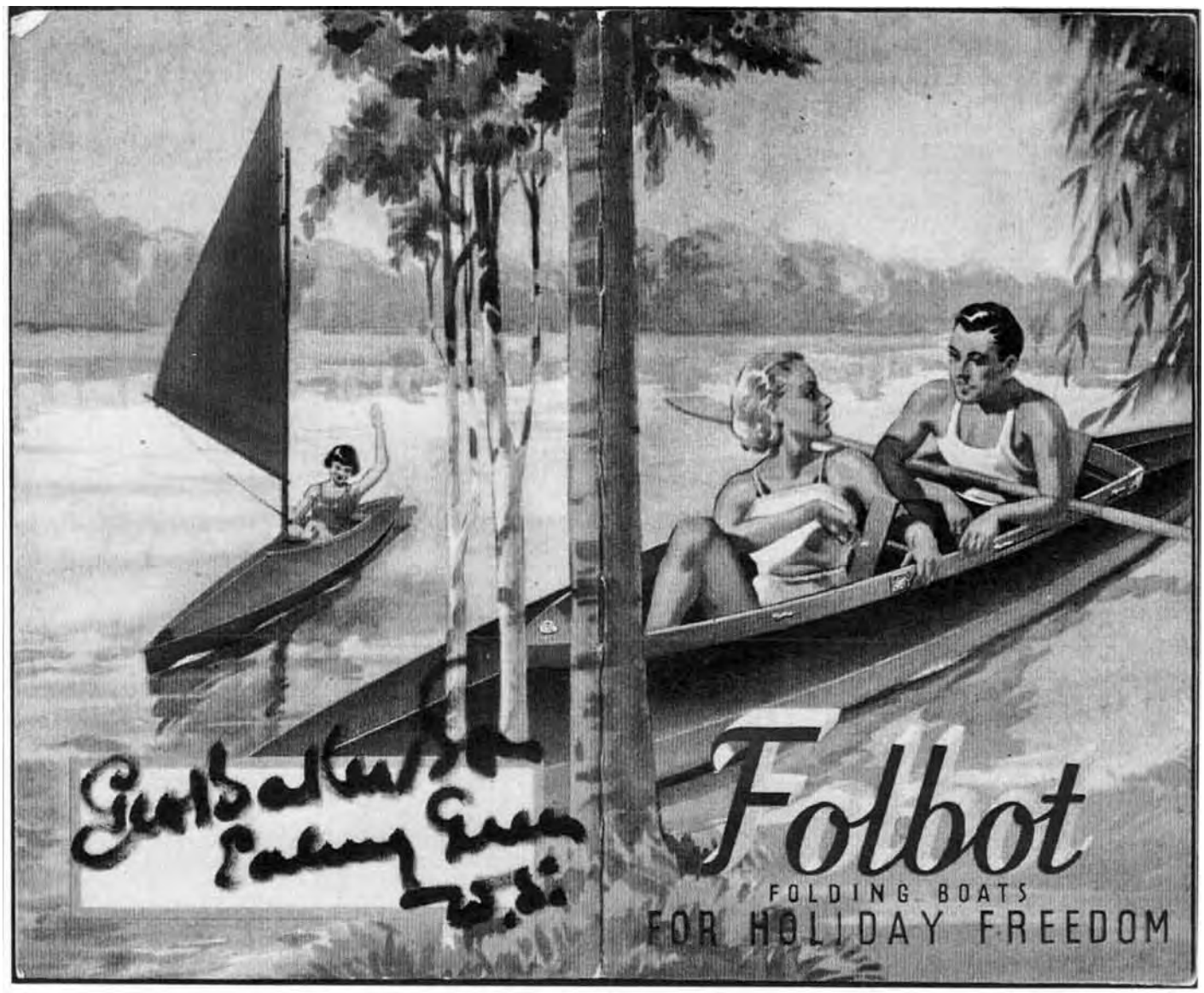
The cap strips epoxied into place held with clamps and screws.

They went in the next day after epoxying the bottom and sides of these pieces. The epoxy that I mixed to do this job had enough extra that I added some cabosil to thicken it and I bedded the strips into this thickened epoxy. I held them down with popsicle sticks stapled to the cap strips.

The stringers are permanently epoxied into place.

The Great 77 is beginning to look like a boat. Next issue I will be installing the mast step and daggerboard case and anything else that must be done before installing the deck. Stay tuned.

Detail of the popsicle sticks stapled to the cap strips.



Miss Kathleen Goes Under the Knife

At the head of the parade of candidates for this winter's shop project is, of course, *Miss Kathleen*.

She was essentially shoved together and out the door after only three months of rather intense activity. She's been outside most of the intervening time. Leaks, fraying varnish and all. She is too high off the ground to get back into the shop without the creation of a rather revolutionary cradle (with about 1" of clearance between the keel bottom and the floor) and, until just this afternoon, that particular design has steadfastly eluded me.

I think it was the Greeks who thought of human activity as being divided among "music" and "gymnasium." Then, along came the Romans with their "bread and circus." We still think of the Greeks as having a better handle on things than those Romans with their made for coliseum sea battles. But it is hard to argue with the Romans' box office share and there is still a big push around here for one of those winner take all extravaganzas. In the past I have been repeatedly guilty of simply chucking up the Sawzall and then just "start."

Like I was saying, we have candidates and cheerleaders from every corner of the playing field. Big and little projects were vying for a limited amount of Motrin and Sawzall blades. I was about to simply throw in the towel and maybe work on my Facebook account or something conventional. Just about then the answer was right there in a pile of leftover lumber and steel beams and on a few shelves and in a few boxes. This is either gonna work like a champ or it's gonna be the biggest FUBAR of many a building season. I was sooooooo sure it would work that I completely scrubbed the planning board. I shoved all the non essential candidates off into this and that winter hibernation site. *Alice* was running up and down the road in and out of the woods, up and down the hill. Boats and trailers were flying around, tarps were getting cinched down as if it's the second half of October. Which it was. This just HAS to work.

Just like a Roman chariot race, the Service Bay was stripped of boats. The LTF was down to only one denizen soon to be tarped and put to bed. The boatshed in the woods was packed with boats and all closed up for the season. Things got absolutely frenetic. So much for the more deliberative ancient Greek methods, we were a squad of gladiators. In less than one rainstorm we went from this...

The View from AlmostCanada
by Dan Rogers

to this.

And exposed this to the light of day...

where room will be found for this:

All the parts are there and waiting! All the boats have been sent to winter quarters, save one. We have a plan and a new way of looking at things. Order will now ooze out of chaos, Solomon will now be able to make his pronouncement. The Greeks will now be able to establish their classic hierarchy of needs. The Romans can be ignored and the catacombs will echo with inactivity. More deliberate, more thoughtful players will audition and rehearse. This place is finally going to hum like it once did.

Yep. This, just has to work.

Jamie the Seadog Watches a Lot of TV

One of his favorite shows is "I Love Lucy." He seems to get a big bang out of that oft repeated line only Ricky Ricardo could deliver with a straight face, "Looooosseeeeee! Sp'lain youself." Jamie has been giving me that same deadpan expression lately that Lucille Ball would use to attempt to dissuade spousal pique. He's supervised I don't know how many boats rolling in and out of the shop in our preparations for this winter's Building Season. I just couldn't settle on a plan. Let me sp'lain.

All along the Real Plan has been to put *Miss Kathleen* back in the shop for a complete overhaul. We are way overdue but the simple problem has been she's too tall to get through the door in any of the conventional ways. No, air outta the tires ain't even close. Removing the trailer axles doesn't even make it. We even worked on cutting a "keel hole" in the Old Trailer for a while. Yeah, it might have worked but there was a hangup with that, too. So there has been a near endless chain of alternate plans brought forth, considered and then rejected. We can't keep the doors open and the lights on if we don't have work coming in, most everybody knows that. We need a project, even if it's the wrong one.

It's a whole lot like watching TV reruns, only after we've watched an episode a dozen times can we begin to see the guy in the background picking his nose. So shazaam!

I was standing out in the rain, studying on this situation for the bazillionth time, running over all the now discredited Brilliant Schemes that both the Frankenwerke staff and well meaning civilians have offered. *MK* is heavy, tippy, long, slippery and round heeled in addition to being just too damn tall. But like another one of those reruns that Jamie sits in front of all the time, "Colombo," I just kept going over the stuff that didn't seem to quite jibe.

When we brought her out after the initial building phase she damn near got stuck under the garage door. We went from being a couple inches on the OK side of the ledger to barely light penetrates. At the time I just kept pulling, I figured it was preferable to scrape up the top to getting stuck to the point of not getting unstuck.

Everything was going according to the plan…

…until it began to look like game over. That was back in January, snow on the

ground. Not a good time to have a boat sticking out until the cavalry arrives. And since I AM the cavalry around here, it was just not a good deal.

She did make it without untoward abrasions and contusions. Still can't imagine why not.

And ever since she's remained outside, away from the hearth so to speak. That meant a lot of emergency 'pox sessions got conducted in sub freezing conditions. Here's what happened.

When the roller cart went from garage floor level to driveway level it dropped down 1". I'll call it the "Universal Teetertotter Rule." Under the immutable provisions of the UTR, when one end goes down the other end goes UP and that's what happened.

So for two years now, I've been mulling this situation over, trying to figure an angle so to speak. I've come up with so many hairball ideas that I don't remember the half of it. Like I said.

Look at something long and often enough and I just might see what it is that I'm looking at. Do stay with me here and see if anybody knows what they are talking about. I'll sp'lain it.

Dateline: Almostcanada. Contemplating the "Nuclear Option!"

Several sources reportedly close to the center of power here at this sprawling facility, but not authorized to make public statements, have requested anonimity for the following story.

Miss Kathleen, flagship of the Frankenwerke, has been scheduled for a multi nightshift overhaul. Sources report this will commence, "almost, right away, kinda soon, just as soon as right after the current projects can be eliminated from The Schedule." Schedulers for the facility did not return repeated requests for comment. Reporters staked out nearby a scene of increased activity have discovered evidence of apparent concern by upper management about what has been termed as "creative diversion of uncontrolled intrusion from sources of ambient moisture in quantities of unsustainable volume." When asked for clarity, another unnamed source insisted that "that damn cabin top leaks like a sieve."

Elaborate preparations have been underway for some time. Apparently the object of this frenetic activity has been to, as another unnamed source insisted, "defy gravity, ignore friction and pack 10lbs into a 4lb bag." That source further indicated, "there is only one way to deal with a situation like this one." When asked for further comment, he had a demonic glint in his eye and was fingering his scarred and overworked Sawzall trigger.

Further reports, as they may be available, from Frankenwerke.

The Time for Dithering is Over

When I finally do the deed it'll likely be just another step in the process but, at the moment, it seems, well, momentous. Another one of those end justifies the means things. If this works, then all is forgiven. I have to cut *MK*'s cabin off at the foundation to save it. She's gotta get short to get to be tall again. We're just not going to get through that door and into the shop for the Building Season any other way. An 8'6" object isn't going to make it through an 8' door and be able to be lifted high enough to get bottom work done under a 9' ceiling. That's the physics of the thing. I've put this off for two years now.

We have all sorts of lifting and manipulating systems in place once inside. Granted, these arrangements were dreamed up to allow for messing with way smaller, lighter and lower to the ground boats, but after way too much time noodling on this, *MK* is just about the optimal size, shape, weight and configuration for the mission assigned. So that's the hand dealt. It'll have to be the hand played.

Here's the scenario. Living on the hard as we do here in Almostcanada, any boating that I'm gonna do will require trailering. Much of the interesting boating water is pretty BIG. A seaworthy, and comfortable afloat vessel is a good thing. Many of the places I tend to go require considerable distances travelled towing that trailerable boat. There are certainly reasonable size and weight limits to that exercise. The boat doubles as a travel trailer during these expeditions. Last, but certainly not least, no ordinary, store bought floating box will suffice. So here I sit. As I tend to explain to folks, and we meet people just about everywhere who are interested in the hows, wheres and howcomes of the thing, "This is what happens when a cluttered mind has access to sharp tools."

This particular Franken-creation seems to be "just about right." Starting over again just doesn't pencil out, at least not right now. So, to keep things as they are, we will just have to just about change everything and, to do that, she has to go back under the knife, and anything less than a full on shop period for major overhaul will be just more bandaid fixes.

Once begun this really has to get done. It won't be much fun. It won't be real easy. All the climbing in and out and laying underneath and bashing and crashing won't be anything of much creative joy, just a lousy set of choices. The entire Frankenwerke staff has been working on this problem over the summer. Every department has had a hand in making this decision. We're all in this together.

I just hope some of those visionaries manage to show up for work when stuff gets heavy. I guess we'll see about that, and real soon.

It Takes a Certain Amount of Madness To Regain Sanity

Jamie the Seadog and I took a short boat ride to clear our heads. We also did a final bit of measuring. It took all my fingers and his four paws to keep track of all the guzzintahs. I'm betting this is how those boys and girls down at NASA have to do it when they forget their slide rules at home. We tried just about every way we could think of to see if *MK* is gonna find a way to slide into the shop. Even after we already decided that the it was a non starter, there we were, counting on our fingers and forepaws trying to maybe think of something we didn't already a hundred times before.

We interpolated, we extrapolated, we estimated, we 'proximated. Sometimes it seems like we were getting someplace. Finally we tried one last way.

It was one of those moments of desperation. Finally one of us said, "well, whatdayathink The Lucas would do?" Nobody really had to answer. So anyhow, we tried what I think is one of Dave's principal methods. We just got a run at 'er.

The whole crew held their breath.

When the Official Measurer made his determination it looks like, maybe, if we drop Mr Tom right down to his axle bolts we may, almost, just about, maybe kinda, still need 1½". Hand grenades and horse shoes, maybe close enough. Boats and door frames, not quite. There's still that not so small matter of needing some sort of wheels under said axle bolts. So we took a short boat ride, maybe about the last of the season. Maybe.

The official excuse was to go over to the scout camp and retrieve a hunk of that high dollar Intrepid Braid line that I used temporarily to tie up the one dock section we managed to get moved before everything went sideways when the wind came up suddenly. I told Jamie what to look for.

It's OK, we weren't really in any big sorta hurry. We didn't really expect that day shift to get much done while we were gone and the sun was out and, well, it really could be the last trip of the year. We sorta took the long way home.

Probably Jamie's idea. Me? I was totally ready to get back to work and maybe get things caught up around the Frankenwerke.

So by the time we finally had *MK* back in the driveway it was raining. I figured it would be a good idea to see about progress. Before any of the underway stuff or even the measuring stuff, I put a pretty big list of accomplishments I wanted to see done today. Before *MK* has to go topless for a while and shimmy on into the Operating Room I want the replacement cabin roof to be ready for installation and hoisted at the ready into the ceiling. Soooooooo.

Somebody left a few progress shots on getting that top assembled. First one is how the day shift got a half dozen cabin beams laminated in the new proprietary cabin beam maker thingie.

And that much went pretty close to plan. It's the spring back that took a lot of different shapes.

But it's no use to cry over spilled Titebond II, we have to get to gettin' and it wasn't like anybody knew how much of the precious camber would be lost when the skin goes on. I'm sure the Real Boat Builder guys have a way to deal with this. I hear they even use blue prints and exotic stuff like that. We here at Frankenwerke don't mess with that stuff, we just sort of use the Lucas method.

Not that we're completely oblivious to how to do this stuff. The outboard curves were done to sort of emulate the hull shape at any given station under the existing 8' coach roof and that was OK until somebody decided it would be nice to be able to make the cabin a couple of feet longer. If that seems like a good idea when this new coach roof is slung into place, no problem, just hadda add some more stringers.

And presto, it was 2'-3' longer.

I say "2'-3'" depending upon how the nose gets shaped. I guess it depends upon where the front of the cabin lands, too. These things take a bit of finessing. That skin went on, not quickly or completely according to plan, but, it did go on and might even be OK.

And yes, the camber is flatter than the original plan but that's just frankenbuilding for ya.

Besides, we still have several tricks up our sleeves. But that sloppy, sloppy night shift left tools just piled around. I suppose somebody expects me to go out and pick all that stuff up in the morning and I suppose I will.

Unless maybe, if Jamie thinks we should, maybe, take another little bitty boat ride, first. Maybe?

Intellectual Curiosity… Is There Any Other Kind?

It's a simple answer. Jim worked it out for me over the phone. I think he may have even used a pencil and paper! "Point oh five two," that's it. I've been asking about it for years now. It's what some of us think of as a guzzintah. The cognoscenti refer to numbers such as this as ratios. Whatever you call it, I've had an abiding interest in finding out what this particular one is. If pressed, I can actually speak engineer, I know some of the lingo. The essential question is, "What is the cabin side tilt as a function of span?" Except that's not really what I have this intense intellectual curiosity about. I already know what the cotton pickin' tilt is, 3º from vertical. Marty told me that years ago. Actually, what he said was "2º or 3º."

This is a still very experimental method of making cabin top beams. I've always, heretofore, cut them "on the flat" from plywood chunks. I would snap a batten across a few fixed points and then draw a pattern for one side. The idea has always been to copy that particular fair curve into a series of arches with a fixed apogee. After quite a few of these Frankenbot tops to my history, not one of them has turned out quite symmetrical. A bandsaw kerf is a skinny thing to look at it, a wandering swath of random destruction under my control. It never has worked out nearly as good as those guys in the how-to book pictures seem to do.

So another item of intense intellectual curiosity. How do I make a series of laminated beams?

How about when both the chord and the span varies?

Curious?

A Schism Develops

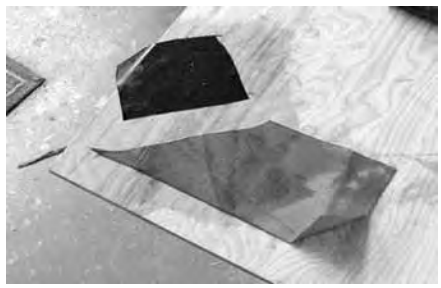
Like any organization that finds itself in the public eye from time to time, Frankenwerke has a policy of presenting a united front among its principals. We try anyway. Right now there's a developing schism among the Get'erdunn Faction and the more proactive elements. There's been a lot of name calling and divisive rhetoric over the past transition period between the VS and the BS. I think we are definitely into the BS arena now. These are the Voyaging Season and the Building Season. I suppose there are others but, here in Almostcanada, we are sometimes a bit removed from the Normal World. Today the GF folks have definitely chalked a few points on the board.

Earlier this morning I was quite certain that *MK* was still hooked up to *Big Red* and *Mr Tom*. Perhaps somebody was considering another one more last time boat trip someplace? Everything still ready to go from last night's return from a solitary run up and down Priest Lake. The only human contact we had up there was with the year round caretaker at Granite Creek Marina. I told him we were headed "out and about" for a "few hours." He just sort of smiled and seemed to be checking our hull numbers and overall description. He mentioned something about being a volunteer search and rescue guy. I may have mentioned that there didn't seem to be any other boats out. He just sort of looked away. "I think it's gonna start snowing and get down into the teens soon." And we were off. Maybe there's a message there?

So anyhow, the last time I came in from the driveway *MK* was parked off to the side.

And her rudder, stern platform and steering stuff were in a pile.

If I had to guess, Mr Yammy could be next. Things are definitely moving toward "that Sawzall moment." Yikes. And that ain't all. Somebody had apparently decided that the not done yet fairing and sanding on the new top was "good enough." Those GF guys tend to say that a lot. There has been a whole lot of discussion about using glass and pox on that top. Maybe canvas like on *Gypsy Wagon*. I even stopped off at the Priest Lake canvas shop and queried the nice lady about maybe using Sunbrella and glue to cover that plywood behemoth. I came home with some samples to 'speriment with.



Seems the GF guys had something to say about that, too.

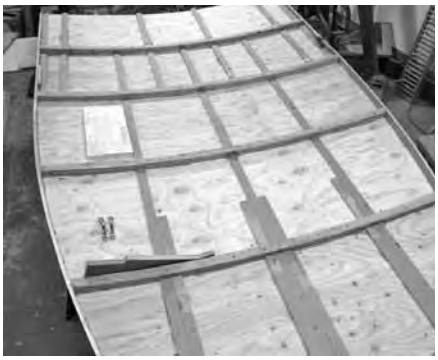
Somebody already put a glop of that RV and trailer roof stuff on the middle of that top. Dunno what it'll look like when it's dry. Might work like a champ. Might just take paint and be ready to wear, might be a total disaster. Could be one gooey mess to remove. Dunno. It seems that the BS has begun in earnest.

Maybe we could even get things cleaned up and put away from the last several projects before we start ripping and tearing again? OK, that would be proactive. Sorry,guys, I forgot. Just as soon as I can get everybody on the same page, we'll let you know what we're up to. Could be pretty soon.

This Job is a Cotton Pickin' Puzzle

I guess we could say we've been making rain while the sun shines and now it's snowing. It is November as I write so that sort of behavior is expected. Just not at all convenient. You see, *MK* is stuck out in the driveway uncovered. All the other boys and girls are tarped, parked and accounted for. This is not where I wanted to be but it's where I am.

I have to get the top made and hoisted up to the ceiling before bringing the boat in and that shouldn't be during a snow storm. I have to remove the existing cabin first, the ultimate "some assembly required" sort of thing. So today was a full court press on getting that top ready. First I had to wait for paint to dry and we all know how much fun that is. Almost as much fun as waiting for 'pox to kick so I can climb back out of the forepeak after I finally got to let go of that part that I've been holding because "it'll only take a minute and the clamps are all at the bottom of the ladder. holding other things." We all know that drill. C'mon now, I can't be the only one, can I? Besides Jamie the Seadog, that is.



So after waiting for a second coat to dry on the top it was time to roll the thing over. Seems to gets heavier and heavier every time I add more weight to it. Maybe you have noticed that sort of thing, too. One of these times I'm really gonna wish I had cleared things away and gotten the shop crane ready. One of these times.

I did have to go to town and visit the lumberyard. Boy, those counter guys really like to see me coming on a slow, drizzly, sloppy day. The yard guys, not so much. I have 'em break all my 4'x8' sheets down to 24" widths, so much easier to manage on the table saw. The yard guys have to not only pull a whole pallet of 3/4" MDO down from the top shelf with the fork lift, they have to cut my one sheet into smaller pieces for me. While the yard guy was ripping my plywood order, I was ruining his cedar 2"x6" stacks searching for just right boards. This gets a bit complicated.

I rip 2"x6"s into full length 1/4"inch strips as I use them for just about everything that needs covering inside and outside the Frankenbots. Like this one I did in tigerwood and cedar. I do wish I knew how to actually lay a deck. Could actually be easier.

This is unabashedly how I cover up for my lousy joinery and even lousier planning. I build these things out of MDO panels and even make "dimensional lumber" cut outta these plywood sheets. Once again, I don't really have to have a cutting plan ready when buying this stuff. Somehow it all gets used up. The boats get built and launched and, as long as the PL Premium factory doesn't burn down, we'll probably keep doing it this way.

The lid is now insulated with 1" sheets of household Styrofoam batting. Usually I glue 'em in place but today I was hurrying so they're just "snapped into place." It'll be OK, probably. The next thing across the underbelly of this bigger'n a ping pong table thing is those cedar resawn strips I was telling you about. Don't get me wrong. I ain't exactly complaining but those strips are tedious and just this underside will need about 50 of 'em, give or take.

I have to run all four corners of the 2"x6" through the router table. A relatively heavy 8' board takes several passes each corner. That's someplace between 40 and 50 lineal feet of routering for each two strips. Then I take it to the table saw and carefully rip the outside of the bigger board. This is against all that is holy in the tablesaw world but it's the only way I have come up with to keep thicknesses reasonably consistent. The big part of the board is always supposed to be between the blade and the fence, not the other way around. I do use an outfeed table, lots of purpose made push blocks and spring blocks as well. There's no room for a saw guard and a riving knife during this procedure. It's a worry.

Each bull nosed and cut strip must be sanded. That's always a challenge because the random orbit sanders tend to launch these strips and there's really no effective way to hold 'em down and get things done at all expeditiously. This is all because I don't have a plan to follow and so much of this cutting is by eye so everything needs to be covered up. So it goes.

Hopefully tomorrow we'll get four dozen cedar staves manufactured and glued in place. Getting real close to that Sawzall moment. Real close.

Bogeyman Under the Bed

Like with that bogyman under the bed, sometimes you just gotta pull the blankets back.

I thought I heard the whine and grinding of things like routers and sanders and sabersaws. The staccato of the compressor came and went in cadence with a "Thump! Thump! Thump!" Stuff was happening out in the shop. The Night Shift was in full operation and it's about time. That damn top has been a thorn in the side for long enough.

Finally the Design Department and the Whatif? Office have made a compromise. Finally. Seems the Whatif? Guys can go on ahead and worry about whether this confabulation of plywood frames and plywood skins should have been 'poxed, or canvassed, or sealed with RV glop, or done differently a whole passle of ways. They get to continue worrying all they want. The Design guys get to go ahead and get the thing ready for installation most any way that seems like it might work. Quite the compromise, huh?

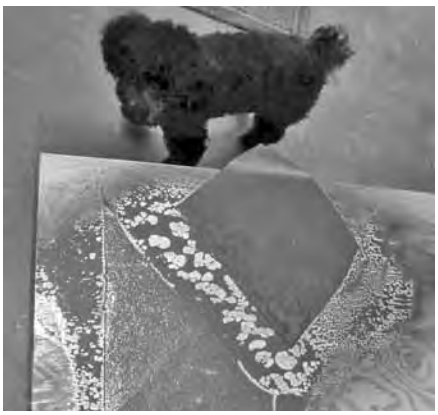
So. The Night Shift was finally able to get off its duffs and make some sawdust. They dug out a set of antique cans of "Quick Fair" two part goop and spread that stuff all over the place. There are quite a few places that need filling and floating and matching up on that contraption. They spread that stuff just about from hell to breakfast and, I might add, not with a lot of consideration for the poor guy who had to sand it all back down. That would be me.

This top is cross planked with 1/4" ACX and glopped down with good ol' PL Premium. Partway through I chucked up a tube of what I thought was more of the same. Nope. After it ran out and that section was all stapled into place, I chanced to read the

label. Oops, that stuff was for tile and marble. It also must have been manufactured the year the proprietor of the Tiki Hut was born. We're talking OLD here. No wonder the pneumatic glop tube gun blew a hole in the glop tube and sent a spray of aerated glop out the spout. Of course, it was nowhere near time for our weekly coffee break so I just kept squeezing the trigger until I had enough glop to get that panel glopped into place.

This is why it's such a good idea to have a Designated Worrier (DW) on staff. Maybe you have somebody like that working around your shop. Good to have around now and then. I've been getting dirty looks from our DW ever since somebody experimented with a section or two of the top with that RV roof drool. I just kept telling him that it was gonna work out. It spread around real well, flowed like a river, brushed out without brush strokes and it seemed to soak in. Yep, that stuff can really soak in.

It doesn't hold paint any longer than honey continues dripping out of a beehive at hibernation time. That stuff probably really does what it's supposed to do, soak in, seal, reject intrusion of just about everything, like water and paint. Jamie the Seadog was assigned as QA on this fiasco. He was pretty annoyed at the first "test results" on the test panel.



Quite the conundrum. After about an hour and a whole box of #120 grit sanding discs, somebody figured it was time to try something more aggressive. That stuff hadda go somehow. There was this #20 grit disc in the pile. The DW was Johnny on the Spot, "Whatif you cut too deep, whatif you mess the whole thing up?" Stuff like that. Our Night Shift usually operates without adult supervision. Certainly the case lately.

The Day Shift got right on it this morning. There was a paint covered can of primer left out from last night. The little bit of the label that I could make out said "very best quality, high hide" And near the top, in a kinda smudged and goo'd over spot, I think it said "inferior" or something like that. I figured it was a misprint. I made sure the whole top was covered with that "best quality" primer that I found left out from last night. Well, I gotta go for now. The Designated Worrier wants to have a word with me.

The Race with Winter

The race with winter just got a lot more competitive. Pre morning shift.

The entire Frankenwerke crew was pressed into service this morning. I really could have used one more guy! This whole fandango is more an inconvenience than a surprise. I think of it as surprisingly inconvenient. This is all about a week early, according to our prognosticators who will plead a bit of agnosticism this year. Just didn't believe. So, as I tally things up, there is still a really big figgeritowt task that has eluded our best thinkers for years around here. How to put that damn snow blade on without laying on the ground under it and fighting with it with older every year hands and elbows. So far it eludes our entire ship's company. So you don't think this is totally lala land, I have been holding off on *Alice*'s chains and blade so I could get *Miss Kathleen* maneuvered into the operating room. Chains on dry cement and that big hunk a' iron out front won't help.

Welcome to November in Almostcanada. We're sorta ready now, just not ready enough. Gotta get back to work just as soon as the rest of the crew shows up for the Day Shift.

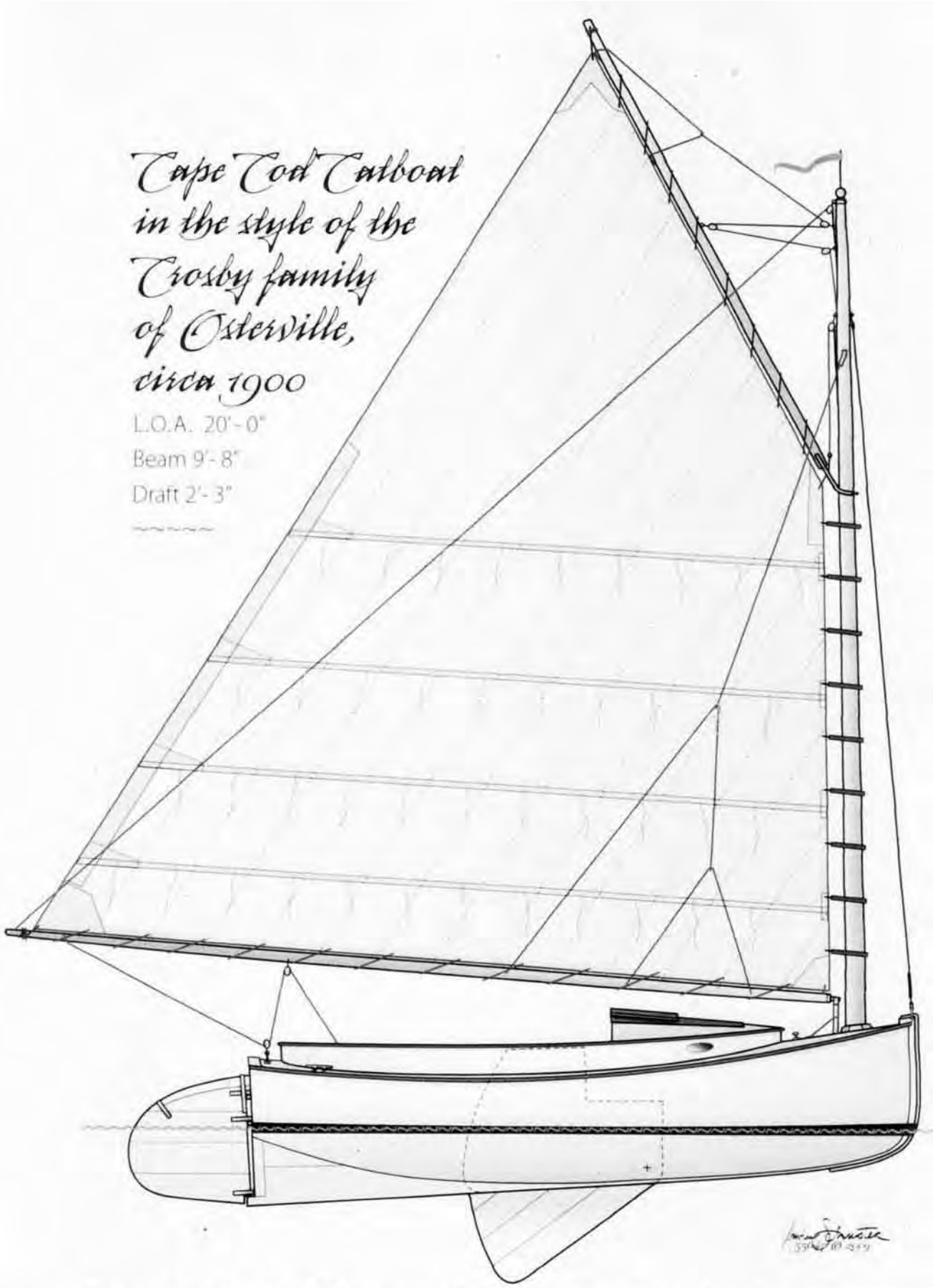
Lotsa sawdust to be making. I think it must be time for the Morning Shift. You know how some of us have to stare at something for a while until we can finally see the hidden parts? Me, too. This cabin top had me backed into a corner. Finally I hadda give it up and let things fester and did they ever. Among the litany of dunnos and whunderwhuts in this thing has been, "How am I gonna seal those eaves? Especially if I won't even know where they will be until this thing is already set into place, wherever that is? There, smart guy?" I made the top long enough to either extend forward about another 18" or not, back as much as 2' or not and wider at the helm station by as much as 1' or not. So things have to wait until it's too late to change some stuff, especially with that white stuff coming down outside. We've got to get to gettin'.

Sooooooooo, someplace during the mid watch, it came to me. Kapow! All we hadda do was simply start over, sorta. I can hardly wait until those late arrivals for the Day Shift come wandering in. Of course, they probably have to plow snow first. That's the way it is here at near 49º north of the equator in November. Just the way it is.

Seems one of those puzzle pieces I brought back from the lumberyard yesterday was a sheet of 1/4" ACX plywood cut more or less into two equal halves. I think the eaves will be running about 2"-3" outside the tops of the windows. There's a bunch of curves and slopes that change rapidly so this is a SWAG. I got to thinking that the top has quarter mated with the half and it seems to be stuck together pretty well so, instead of about a dozen other hairball ideas, we're pursuing this one. Just waiting for the PL to cure a bit. It can be cantankerous when I hit it with a grinder or router bit and it's still oozie gooie.

As soon as things coagulate a bit we'll get going again. Snow's falling onto a still kinda warm driveway. Gonna be a skating rink tonight, I gotta hunch. No time for dawdling.

Editor Comments: And so we take leave of Dan's "Miss Kathleen Under the Knife" here at the end of page 6 as winter closes in on him. At this point with ten installments presented here, there are 27 more in waiting! And more yet seemingly to come. He is gaining on us!



Small Craft Illustration #5 by Irwin Schuster

Irwinschuster@verizon.net

AREY'S POND BOAT YARD

Boatbuilding

Our third new 14' AP Club Model design went out the door in early spring to Greenwich, Connecticut. The Club is the stripped down model which we hope will become a popular addition to our family of 14' catboats. We are very excited to report our Club model has also been chosen by the Boston based Harry McDonough Sailing Program for their fleet of ten catboats. Fundraising efforts are now underway and once the funds are available we'll begin building.

Two specially customized AP Lynxes were built this spring. The first was an Open 16' Lynx built with all the extras, including an Ocean Volt inboard electric motor. She will sail on a beautiful lake in upper Wisconsin. The second AP Lynx was a cabin model fitted with all the options, including a high end varnish finish, a bronze tabernacle mast and stunning blue topsides. She spent most of the summer at the pond and received second place in our annual Cat Gathering.

Nightingale, a 19' AP Caracal, was our last launching of the season and it was a very special one at that. She was our second of the Caracal design. She was built by Brian Porter and Dustin Page, a 2,000 hour project overseen by Leslie Gouvela and Bill Nash. She included an inboard Nannie Diesel, Awlgrip finish and a carbon fiber mast with a faux varnished finish. She slipped into the pond in early July and sailed out of Arey's Pond all summer. We are very grateful to the owners who had confidence in our design, allowing us to build our Caracal #2. We look forward to building many more in the future. We are continuing construction on a custom APBY 24' Cruising Cat and our goal is to launch this beauty at the pond in the summer of 2018. Our next big wooden boat project is a 34' catboat. which is currently in the design stages.

News from the Pond

Looking back as winter settles in, we had one of the toughest springs in the boatyard's history. Barely a week went by without one or two cold and rainy days delaying our progress. We also started the season with a fresh crew who worked very hard as they learned the protocols and order of service. By the time the WoodenBoat Show came around in late June, the weather broke and the season finally got underway, Everyone in the service department deserves a big thank you for pulling off an arduous 2017 spring season. A special thank you to all of our customers for your patience while we worked through this trying time! Our 2017 fall hauling season has gone very smoothly thanks to a great crew and good weather.


APBY 19' Caracals: An Cat Mathair and Nightingale, Photo by Tony Davis


Moon Dust, Open 16

As we enter the new year, we have seven new Lynx 16s underway and we are very excited for the busy season ahead.

On Our Waterfront

After years of planning, finally our Launch Service was up and running with an electric launch. We will be sending out a survey to those who moor with us for feedback regarding the service. We also replaced four floats at the waterfront and purchased two now Tohatsu outboards for our work boats.

Sailing School and Watersports

Thanks to Haley Cedarholm, Harrison Ellis and Diana Haemor for running our sailing school program this past summer. It was a fun season filled with many lessons for kids and adults alike. Our new crew worked hard to improve the sailing program and the rentals continued to be a nice addition to the waterfront actoivity. Paddle board adventures were also a hit this summer led by SUPfari's evening expeditions.


Photo by Matt Dooley

Employee Profile: Julian Davis

Hometown: Brooklin, Maine

After graduating from Denison University in 2011 with a Bachelor's Degree in History, Julian worked for two years at The WoodenBoat School. Brooklin, Maine, followed by a year at the Constitution Marina, Boston, Massachusetts. He worked at APBY from 2013 until the fall of 2016 when he returned to school. In 2017 he graduated from the Landing School with a degree in Wooden Boat Building. Julian is the nephew of owner Tony Davis and we are so thrilled to welcome him back to the boat yard in the role of Service Manager. He has great ideas for moving the boat yard into the future in ways that will benefit both our loyal customers and the APBY team.

We invite readers to visit our website at www.areyspondboatyard.com

Bounty's Launch

AS I PROCESSED Simon's photographs for his piece on Seattle's 'Center for Wooden Boats', I noticed that he referred to the vessel in the photograph as 'Bounty's gig'. I didn't alter this, as I felt it had probably come from the information plate on the pontoon by her berth. However, when I came to label the photograph of that fine replica I felt compelled to use the name Bligh used, and which the Admiralty had written down when placing the order with John Burr, contractor for Navy boats, and again later when they committed the sale to their ledgers after they had paid Mr Burr about £43 for her.

You can see that the Seattle boat is identical to the bare isometric drawing at the bottom of this page: it's a ship's launch, also known as her longboat. There were gigs in the 18th century Navy too – lean craft powered by oars, in which a commander might cut a dash with a well-trained dandy crew when visiting his superior on the other side of the harbour for orders, but the launch was no high-spirited thoroughbred. It was tough, indestructible, indefatigable – a willing horse that was frequently flogged to the point of death. Commander William Bligh's sort of boat, in fact.

As if to underline that, when the boats ordered on June 20 1787 by the Navy Board for the use of His Majesty's Armed Transport *Bounty* were not delivered on time, Bligh requested a 23-foot launch in lieu of the ordered 20-footer, and a correspondingly larger 20 ft cutter. Bligh had sailed the South Seas and knew he would need the biggest launch he could take for transporting men, provisions and water in barricoes – and what about those breadfruit plants?

The 23-footer was just too big to stow comfortably on deck, though, in height as well as in length and beam. Bligh wrote that the bow came 'well with the fore hatchway, rather projecting over it', but that was not said with regret, for Bligh, as we know, did not mind whom he discomfited, including himself, when arranging things properly to fulfil his mission.

Much later the mutinous crew propelled their Commander with his hands tied over the rail and into that launch after his loyal crew had been forced on board first. The mutineers were probably just as relieved to get rid of the boat as their annoyingly conscientious captain: they were forever barking their shins on both of them, metaphorically and literally speaking, but it would have served them better on Pitcairn than the lighter clinker-built cutter.

While thinking along these lines, it is interesting to recall that the launch was designed to be propelled by six pairs of oars and to carry thirteen people. It is not likely that nineteen, soon to become eighteen men would have survived a week afloat in the cutter (maximum ten men) much less have sailed over 3600 miles to safety. Fletcher Christian at least gave them a vessel in which they stood some chance, and allowed them to take a surprising amount with them, although it is more likely that the opportunists among the loyal crew took advantage of Christian's strange indecisive reverie at this moment of extreme crisis and grabbed what they could.

In those days, the 'right' lines for boats were 'Cod's head and mackerel tail' – big, bluff bows and a deep chest, running back to slender flanks. The launch had to be buoyant up for'ard, as her duties included setting out kedge anchors, retrieving fouled ground tackle, hauling out cable and other heavy work. If you check the drawing you will see that there is a removable windlass between thwarts three and four and two davits with a sheave set in her stern – a crane.

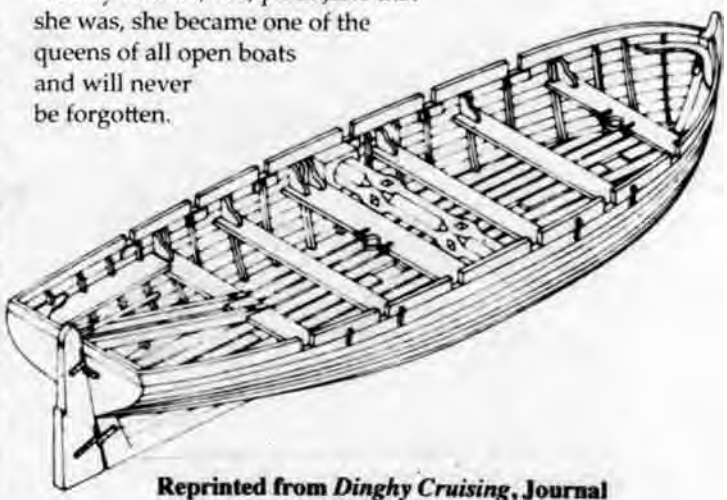
There is a step on the kelson to take a single mast, too, rather than the two-masted rig shown. This was used for short trips when the launch did not stray far from the ship. There has been some intense debate about which of the rigs he chose to use, rather pointless when you read his log: '10 May 1789. In the afternoon I fitted a pair of shrouds for each mast, and contrived a canvas weather cloth round the boat, and raised the quarters about 9 inches, by nailing on the seats of the stern sheets, which proved of great benefit to us.'

So the masts – plural – must have gone up and down easily enough. I don't doubt that he experimented with the sails, which would give his crew an interest when conditions allowed, but mainly because he was first and foremost a sailor. It's no surprise that he came to love her: 'We could do nothing more than keep before the sea, in the course of which the boat performed so wonderfully well ...'

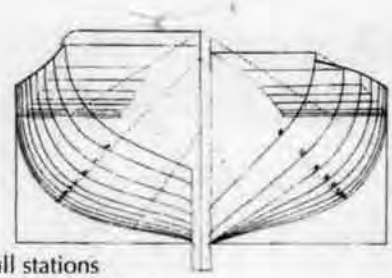
When the launch was towed to Batavia (Jakarta) and sold, Bligh wrote, 'The services she had rendered us made me feel a great reluctance at parting with her, which I would not have done, if I could have found a convenient opportunity of conveying her to Europe.'

Some boats are destined to be forever mentioned in the same breath as the ships and the masters they served. The *Bounty's* launch saved the lives of her crew and by so doing fulfilled a second greater purpose, as did the *James Caird* of *Endurance*.

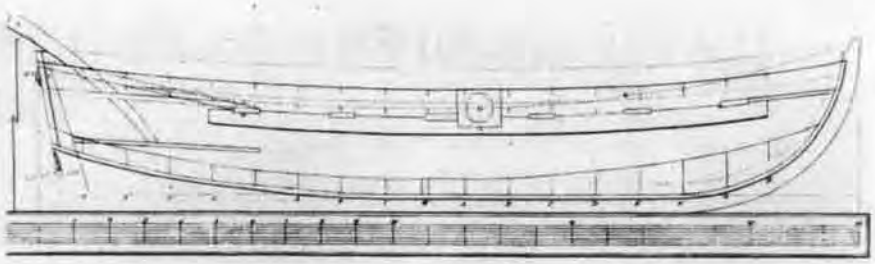
Unlike them, *Bounty's* launch could never carry the name of a wealthy sponsor like James Caird or Dudley Docker, but, plain Jane that she was, she became one of the queens of all open boats and will never be forgotten.



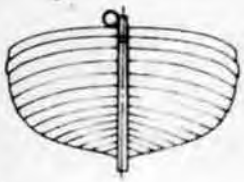
Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK



Hull stations
(Original drawing)

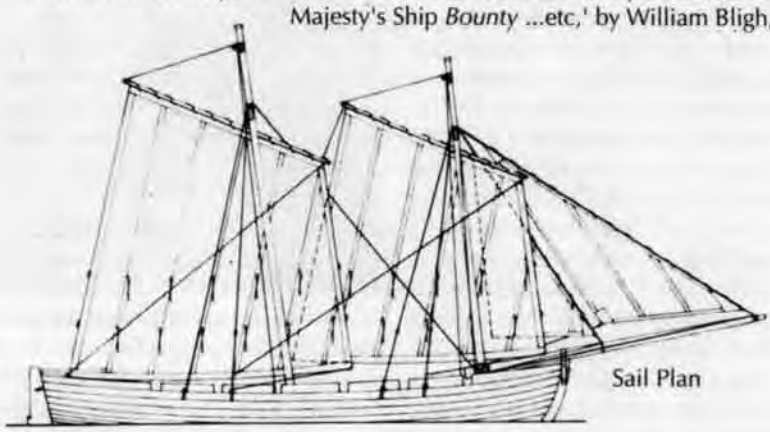


Hull Profile (Original drawing – 'A Copy of the Draught from which the Bounty's Launch was built', published in '...a Narrative of the Mutiny on Board His Majesty's Ship *Bounty* ...etc,' by William Bligh, 1790)



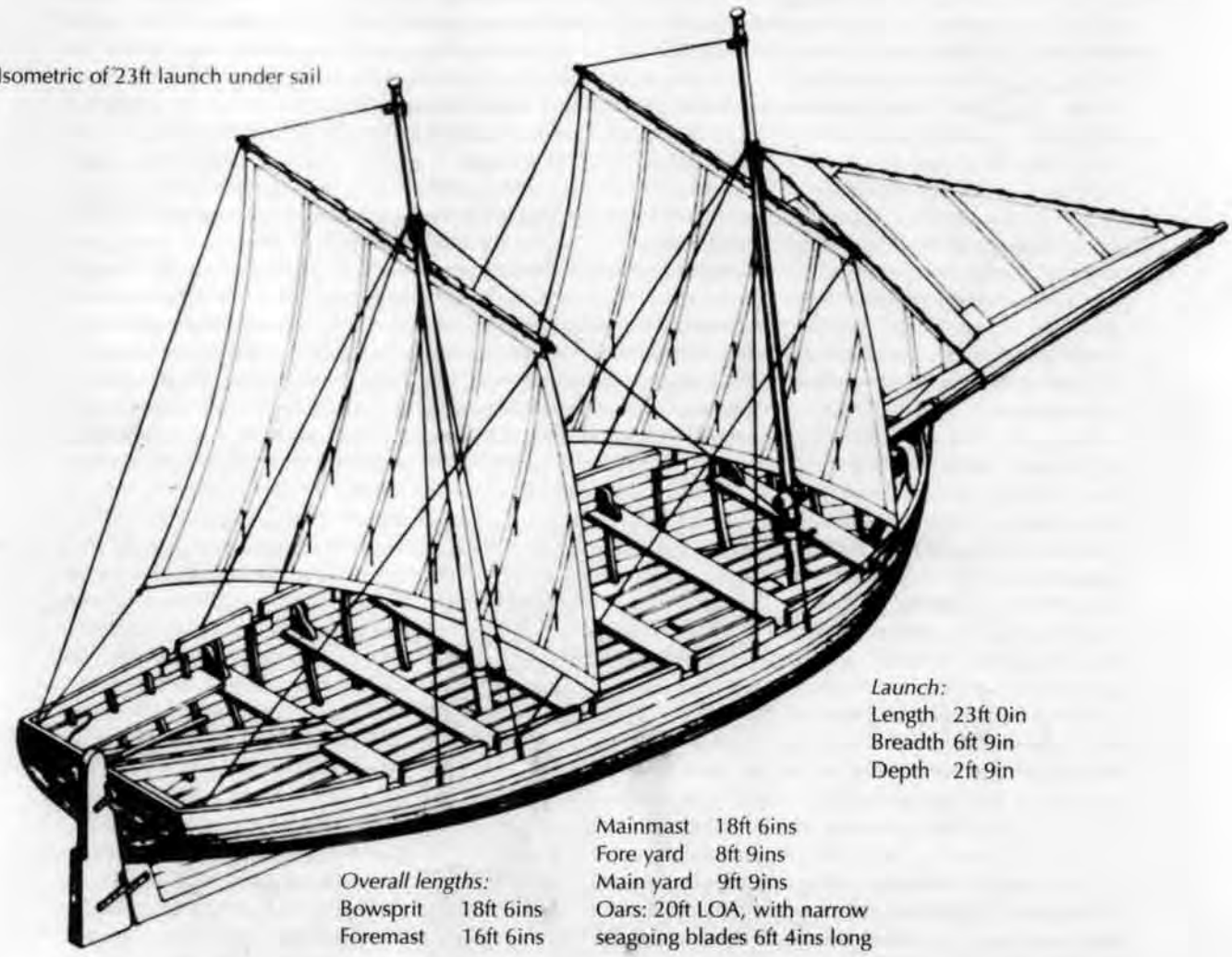
Bows

Stern



Sail Plan

Isometric of 23ft launch under sail



Launch:
Length 23ft 0in
Breadth 6ft 9in
Depth 2ft 9in

Overall lengths:
Bowsprit 18ft 6ins
Foremast 16ft 6ins

Mainmast 18ft 6ins
Fore yard 8ft 9ins
Main yard 9ft 9ins
Oars: 20ft LOA, with narrow seagoing blades 6ft 4ins long

Hydrofoils on Canoes

By Norris Van Gelderen
Reprinted from *Canoe News,* 1973

A canoe being so light in weight for its size lends itself well for experimental work with hydrofoils. As far back as 1965 I sailed a 14' homemade canvas covered kayak with hydrofoils using my canoe's 44sf cruising class sail. The stability was wonderful even though the kayak had only a 26" beam. That was as long as I was moving forward and the foil serving its useful purpose of supplying stability. But until I became accustomed to this fault I was always in danger of capsizing when trying to come about (turning around).

In fact, in my first capsize I shipped about ten gallons of water, yet by slackening the halyard so that the sail would remain lowered and by placing my weight on the windward foil, I was able to right it. I then hoisted the sail, sat on the deck of the kayak and sailed it back to shore nearly a half mile away where I could bail the water out with ease.

Sailing this kayak equipped with hydrofoils after I had solved some of its major problems became somewhat of an exciting pastime, even though it was a bit hectic at times.

Later that year I tried hydrofoils on a canoe using various modifications, one of which was used on a 17' decked Grumman canoe equipped with 105sf of sail and with a foil on its rudder as well. In strong gusts it would literally fly as the canoe's hull raised completely above the surface of the water. Sailing in sustained winds of 20mph in protected waters of the bay which would not get rough in reaching or running, its speed exceeded that of an International Sailing Canoe.

But I like the Hydro Hiking Board the best, even though with it a canoe does not sail nearly as fast as this foil, just gives stability and does not lift the hull out of the water as hydrofoils can do. The main reason is because the Hydro Hiking Board performs better on all points of sail, whereas with the hydrofoils I used it would not tack into the wind as well.

The Hydro Hiking Board is made out of solid mahogany measuring 1" in thickness, 8" wide and 14' in length. It is shaped similar to an airplane's wing with both ends tapering to 5" in width. In use, the forward edge of the foil was raised 4°. As this board was used on an undecked canoe, I would sail it in the calmer waters along a long windward shoreline. In strong winds I would slide it out to leeward far enough to correct for the thrust of the sail when it was subjected to a strong gust of wind. All one had to do was to steer, being assured of a safe ride without fear of a capsize. But to one accustomed to sailing an open canoe for many years prior to this experiment, it sort of took away the thrill and challenge of sailing.

Someday someone may develop a foil that's strong, yet very light so a canoe may plane on its foils with its hull airborne on all but the very lightest of airs. Such foils will also be hollow so that they will contain enough reserve buoyancy needed when a craft is not moving, enabling it to carry a large sail on a tall mast with safety. A few attempts made along that line shows that success lies in that direction.

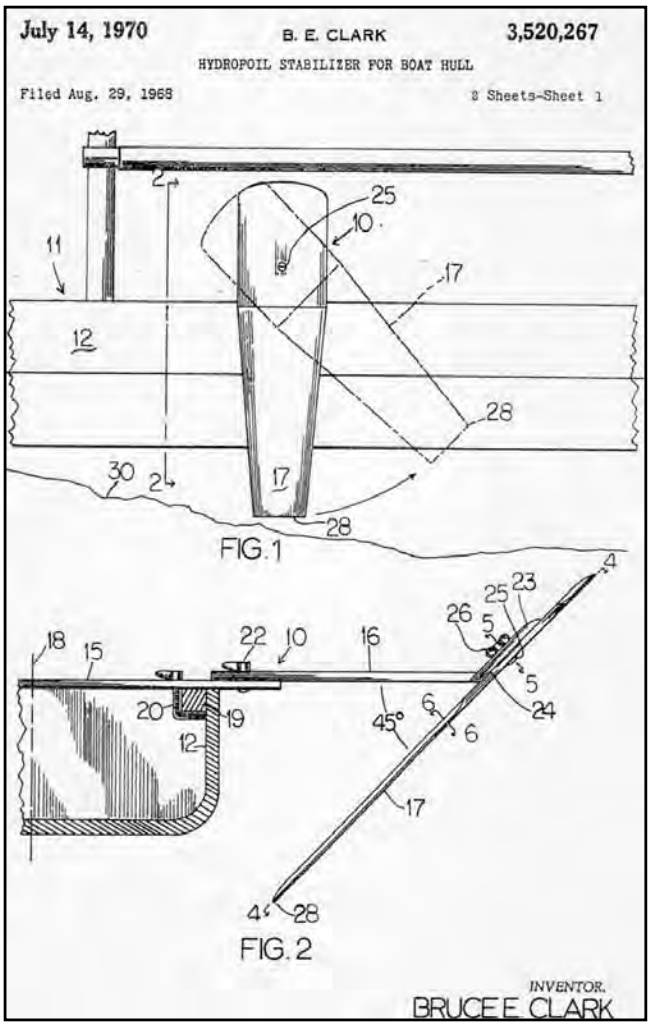
Blandford's are the Best

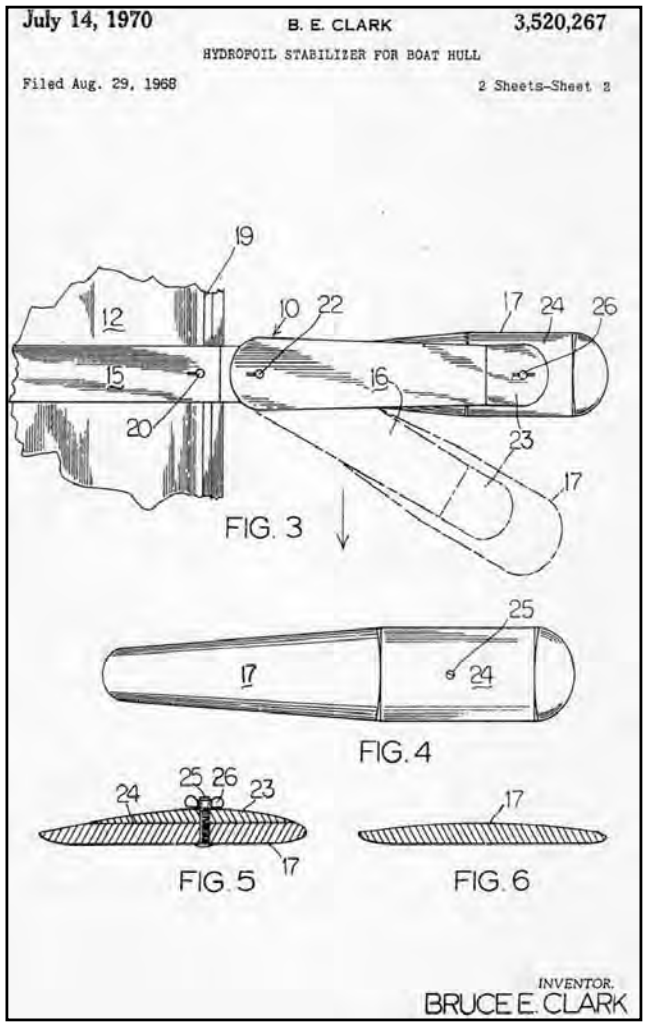
By Arthur Strock

I've have enjoyed reading the articles about building skin-on-frame kayaks recently. The articles are certainly "messing about" articles. People seem to love new fabric on frame designs. The Percy Blandford designs, for my money, make the most sense for the purposes of which each was designed. Those designs have been tried and tested thousands and thousands of times. And his instructions are without peer. My dad and I built several in the early '70s, including the two-seater highlighted in his 1962/1968 book, *Canoes and Canoeing*, published by W.W. Norton and Co. Just as an aside, I love that book.

Bruce Clark handled the sale of Blandford's plans in this country for a number of years and marketed his fascinating hydrofoil leeboards with them. Possibly readers would be interested in learning about the leeboards. Certainly new materials such as carbon fiber might even make them better.

I hunted down his original publication and plans for the leeboards and also did a Google search for hydrofoil leeboards and came up with the patent papers, an exerpt from which is included at the end of this article.





Hydrofoil Stabilizer Patent

Abstract of the Disclosure

A hydrofoil stabilizer for a boat hull including a literally projecting arm pivotally mounted to the boat hull for horizontal adjustment and a leeboard pivotally mounted upon the arm for swinging movement in a plane converging toward the longitudinal center plane of the boat hull below the hull.

Background of the Invention

This invention relates to a stabilizer for a boat hull and more particularly to a hydrofoil stabilizer.

Hydrofoils are well known in marine art to elevate the boat hull above the surface of the water after the boat has obtained certain minimum speeds in order to reduce the drag on the boat. Furthermore, leeboards are well known in the art for stabilizing boat hulls, such as canoes, in lieu of centerboards or keels. Such leeboards function, not only to steady the boat about its longitudinal axis, but also to minimize leeway, particularly on sailboats.

The combination of a hydrofoil and leeboard is also disclosed in US Pat No 1,356,300 issued to M. and T.A. McIntyre on October 19, 1920. However, the hydrofoil leeboards disclosed in the McIntyre patent are, for the most part, rigidly fixed to the boat hull.

Summary of the Invention

The hydrofoil stabilizer made in accordance with this invention includes a pivotally mounted leeboard which is adapted to be maintained in its normally operative, depending position during movement through the water but is adapted to swing when its bottom end engages an obstruction, such as the bottom of a body of water or a beach, to a trailing unobstructed position. In this manner a boat, such as a canoe or small sailboat, incorporating this hydrofoil stabilizer can be beached without damaging or breaking the leeboard or leeboards of the stabilizer.

Another feature of this invention is the pivotal mounting of the arm or strut supporting the leeboard to the hull so that the arm and leeboard may swing or pivot as a unit, horizontally to various positions relative to the hull, in order to vary the angle of attack upon the leeboard. Since the leeboard functions as a hydrofoil, its various adjusted positions either increase the lifting effect or increase the dragging effect of the water upon the leeboard, as designed.

Both the leeboard and the supporting arm are preferably provided with streamlined cross sections of a type suitable for surface piercing hydrofoils so that when they are submerged in the water they will create a minimum of dracg upon the boat and a maximum of lift.

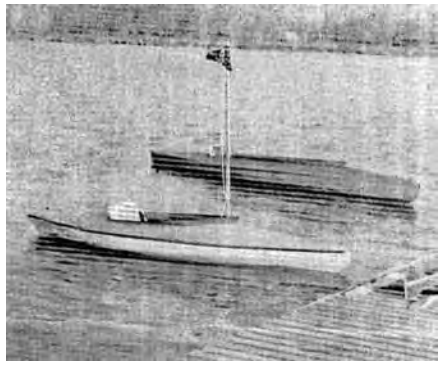
The hydrofoil stabilizer made in accordance with this invention is also adapted to be easily and detachably mounted upon the hull of a boat.

A Note of Appreciation

By Arthur Strock

Thanks for including the article "Hydrofoils on Canoes" in the Summer 1973 issue of *Canoe News*. I was surprised to recognize the kayak pictured as being a PBK 26. This particular design is most versatile and has also been used for paddling trips across the English Channel as well as for fast water touring. I built a similar boat myself and found the job easy as well as inexpensive.

You can probably tell by this time that I have become quite enthusiastic about this type of boat. I have enclosed a picture of two other models I made, a small single seater and a fast cruising double.



Who Was Percy Blandford?

Percy Blandford, who has died aged 101, was at the heart of the British do it yourself boom in the period of austerity that followed the Second World War. Blandford was the author of 113 books on subjects as diverse as making Shaker furniture, blacksmithing at home, wood turning, knots and ropework, upholstery, country craft tools and farm machinery.

His principal interest, however, was designing canoes and other small boats and his blueprints for homebuilt craft allowed thousands of enthusiasts, who would otherwise have been unable to afford the experience, to get out on the water. The most popular of his small craft were his canoes (some 30 different designs) and the Lysander, a 17' trailer sailer. His biggest boat was a 24' yacht.

In his homebuilt craft, Blandford became a useful canoe racer in his own right, narrowly failing to qualify for the 1948 Olympics. Instead he was appointed a timekeeper and judge for the rowing and canoeing events, stationed at Henley. "There were five of us," he later recalled, "different nationalities, in a tiny box in the middle of the river. We got a signal from the starters and pressed our stopwatches." He treasured his official's medal and blazer. "They got me into all Olympic events, even those at Wembley. Clothing coupons were hard to get and one perk was that I was given coupons for a blazer, flannels, shirt and tie." He also worked as a commentator for the BBC on canoeing and rowing events.

The son of a grocer, Percy William Blandford was born in Bristol on October 26, 1912. He was educated at Wells Road School

in the city and became a trainee architect with PE Culverhouse, who rebuilt Bristol's Temple Meads station in the 1930s. Blandford later worked as a teacher but soon decided that he could earn more money by writing. In 1941, at the request of the wartime government, he wrote a book called *Netmaking*. Many of Britain's fishermen had gone off to war, taking their traditional skills with them. Also, thousands of women needed to know how to make anti aircraft and camouflage netting. Blandford's book, which he wrote in an Anderson bomb shelter, has had scores of reprints and is still available. During the war he also worked as a technical writer for the RAF and wrote the workshop manual for the Avro Lancaster bomber.

Blandford embarked on his canoe designing odyssey in the late 1940s, building his first craft from wood and shop blind canvas salvaged from bomb sites. This was the PBK 10 (Percy Blandford Kayak 10'). He then wrote comprehensive instructions and produced drawings that he offered for sale to the do-it-yourself market.

In the 1950s he qualified as a naval architect and designed other boats, including small dinghies, trailersailers, yachts and cabin cruisers. More than three-quarters of a million of his designs were sold, his do-it-yourself plans are still available and his boats are still being built.

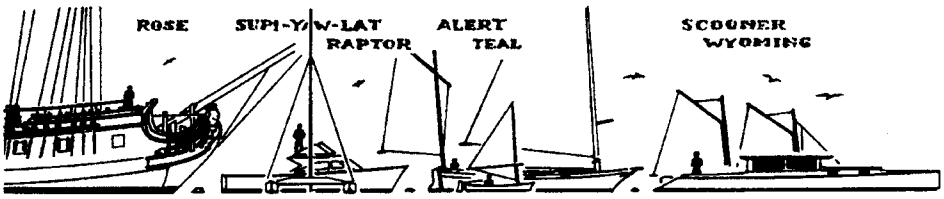
Many of Percy Blandford's (PB) boat plans are still available from Clark Craft in New York, www.clarkcraft.com**.** The plans for Lysander, a once popular 17' cabin sailboat, are available from the Lysander owner's group.

By the mid '60s surfing had arrived on the beaches of Britain but surfboards from California were both expensive and hard to find. Blandford came up with a hollow wooden surfboard that people could build themselves. In May 1965 his design was published in *Boy's Own Paper* under the headline "Make Your Own Super Surfboard for £4."

Blandford had joined the Cub Scouts in 1920, the beginning of a lifetime commitment to scouting. In 2000 the movement had to create a unique award to mark his 80 years' continuous membership.

Percy Blandford was a co-founder of the International Guild of Knot Tyers and of the Canoe Camping Club, a forerunner of the British Canoe Union, the ruling body for canoeing in Britain.

His marriage, in 1938, to Ivy Harris was followed by a honeymoon on which they toured the Thames by canoe. His wife died in 2002 and their son predeceased him in 2006. Percy Blandford, born October 26, 1912, died January 10, 2014.



PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1349

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #519 in *MAIB*
"FV *Anne Rowe* on Cape Ann Rocks"

This is a photo essay of a near catastrophe, without loss of life but doing bad damage to someone's livelihood and pride late in 2017. I decided to not make it part of the Fisheries Series here in *MAIB*, but a sudden and obvious follow up to the ongoing narrative of designing and building in vessel safety, most recently in the piece on sinking resistance titled "Coming Back Home from the Sea" in the December 2017 issue.

Anne Rowe was almost home, running along the shore of Eastern Point approaching the 700+ yards long breakwater running WNW from near the Eastern Point lighthouse that marks the entry to Gloucester's natural harbor. Built in 1984 out of fiberglass Fiber Reinforced Plastic (FRP) and measuring 44'6"x14'8" she fishes out of Gloucester usually in day fishing, mostly lobstering, but also rod and reel charter trips.

Before sunup, sometime near high tide she ran onto the glacier rounded granite shield, literally our earth's crust, that makes up much of Cape Ann. *The Gloucester Daily Times* of November 9 shows her sitting high and dry. No word on actual causes, whether it was loss of power too close to shore to have the wind push her ashore, or careless navigation, or whatever. No picture of any anchor having been set. The crew stayed aboard until they could safely step off her and get onto high ground, smartphone in hand. Good thing that they were not caught up on the sharp edged rip rap of the breakwater, or that no gale was raging, or that she could not do 25 knots. Or...

Picture #1: Out of my car I saw her familiar face sitting hauled out at Rose Marine, the usual picture of a working craft in for service, well supported by blocking and tripods. She looked her usual shipshape clean. I had seen her in that yard receiving the annual maintenance and periodic cosmetic refresh many times.

Picture #2: Of course, alerted by the news report, the closer I looked, the more damage became visible. Here on her port side what looked just like some superficial scrapes along the turn of her bilge from sitting and grinding on those rocks as the waves pushed her around.

Picture #3: But then things get ugly with deeper damage, such as torn layers of fiberglass roving, matte and cracks with rockweed ground into these open wounds in her port side. However, the *Times* had shown her resting on her starboard side.

Picture #4: As we'd expect, the starboard side looked worse indeed, with broader areas of scrapes, gouges and indeed deeper structural damage to the fiberglass laminate. At least the pricey all bronze keel cooler assembly was spared due to the protection of the plywood under glass hydrodynamic wedge. Shearing one of those tubes would soon kill the engine. But had granite torn off the cooler assembly, the inlet flange could have ripped at least a 2" plus hole into the hull some 16"-20" below the waterline.

Picture #5: The turn of the bilge really got ground through several layers of cloth, roving, matte, an inadvertent revelation of her layup schedule. However, beyond tears and cracks, not visible are any real holes right through the hull shell.

Picture #6: Only the builder would know how much more hull structure is left at this point of the damage to still keep the ocean out of this hull.

Picture #7: Looking at her from the first distance, such as in Picture #2, we notice some damage to her keel/skeg assembly. And diving under her keel to document the starboard side on which she first rested on the rocks, we begin to see more than just scrapes. Up close to it, several inches of glass and resin have been ground away.

Picture #8: Again, until this moment only known to the builder, the laminate-schedule of indeed "the keel" seems quite complex with a range of materials involved.

This damage is not bad enough to compromise her structurally as she was lifted out of the water by the two wide nylon straps of the travel lift, but a lot of serious repair work, upside down instead of a quickie Bondo cosmetics job with a trowel.

Picture #9: A wounded craft, the backbone of at least one family's existence, if not two or three counting the crew, now out of commission. I know of lobstermen who only haul out their many hundreds of lobster traps in January to protect this vital business hardware from the ravages of winter gales. One may be able to borrow a boat for a day, but not 400 to 800 traps along with the associated gear. I have no idea whether she was taking on water (or how much, if so) during the two to three miles to get her back to the safety of the travel lift at Rose Marine that could now lift her out for a first inspection. Overall a close call, with not much structure left here and there to keep the ocean out.

With *Anne Rowe* out of commission this time of the year, with winter oncoming, cleaning up and drying out her wounds will be so much harder before bringing the laminate and local hull region up to a temperature where resin and glass can be reliably worked with towards a permanent reliably bonded reconstruction of her lost structure.

In Gloucester, Massachusetts, we've seen temperatures well below zero in the deepest of winters, with working craft like *Anne Rowe* typically remaining in the water, including into the buildup of salt water ice in the protected parts of the Working Waterfront. In fact, Phil and I watched a Coast Guard icebreaker going through the effort of breaking the solid ice that covered the Inner Harbor, however, leaving all the craft solidly locked into their ice grip left and right of that channel through the ice. Phil and I wintered aboard our 48' *Resolution* frozen in saltwater ice and also up on land, having some sense of the realities of winter, from navigating frozen floats and gangways, trying to undo frozen lines and starting a deep frozen Diesel engine, to how unyielding ice can be into March when we didn't have an ice breaking bow geometry with a sturdy hull structure to match. At least we got to prove that we indeed could walk on water, assuming 6" of ice- thickness.

For *Anne Rowe* to be ready for work again as soon as possible, she may need to be brought into a heated facility for the multi step process of damage exploration, cutting away unsalvageable areas, cleaning up, drying out, prep work for glassing, reconstruction of vital pieces and layers, etc, etc. On the one hand, it is good that #600 grit cosmetics matter little well below the waterline. On the other hand, this damage is deep enough to possibly have done some structural damage that will need addressing unambiguously. Likely some specialist may need to do a really close examination inside and out to get a solid sense what indeed has happened here beyond what these pictures show of what structural consequences there might be that would affect her safety and utility as a stout fishing craft from now on.

Scuttlebutt has it that the damage to her starboard side and her keel was exacerbated and inflicted also on her other sides by under planned horsepower intensive dragging her off those rocks, with someone claiming that this was done before waiting for peak tide. We'd figure that she'd float off whatever she had just run up upon with the next tide and a modest tugging of her stern.

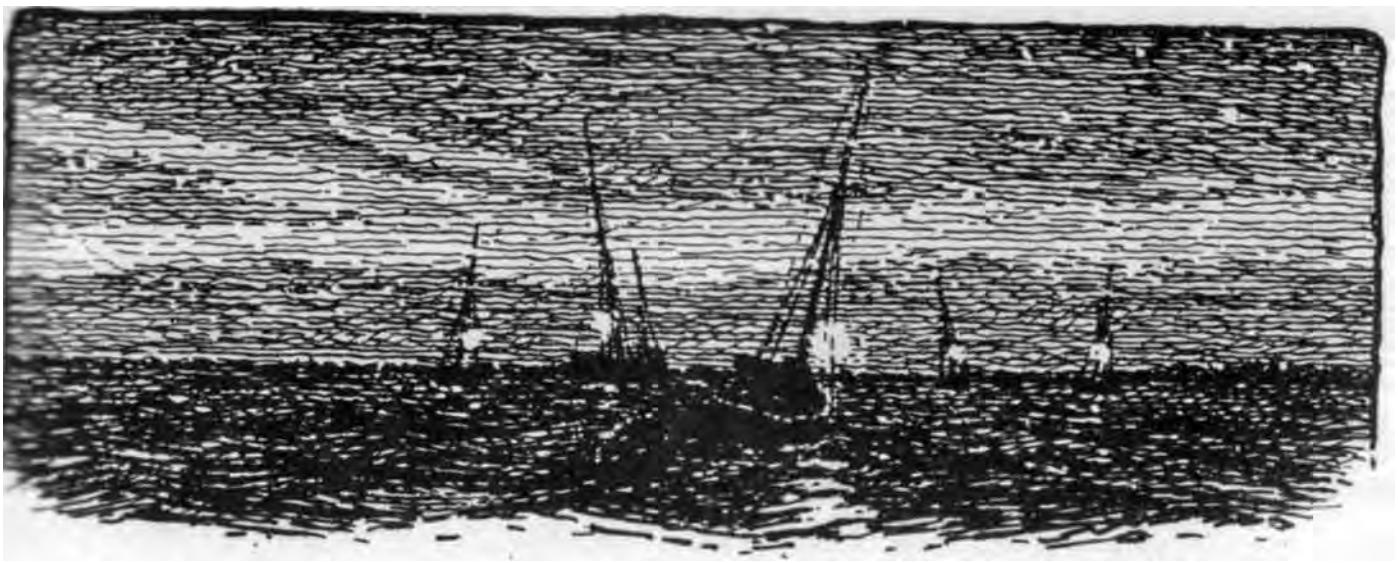
However, I was not there to observe, and who is truly a salvage expert when things have to get done quickly before the tide does its thing again later that day. A night on those rocks might have actually holed her. So no grand opinion here. I won't ask the owner, or whoever was actually at the helm, so as to not rub in the aggravation and indeed the embarrassment for this to have happened on a calm day right in one's home waters.

Which reminds me of the time when, only a quarter mile from home, Phil and I almost rolled *Resolution* some 120º from some 7' feet above the low tide! We had successfully planted her on a falling spring tide cockeyed on two small but proud grass and mud hummocks, only to keep her standing upright as the tide was falling by quickly deploying her balanced mizzen rig's boom and yard to give her temporary legs as we listened to the ropes and cleat straining.

Good thing that nobody noticed much of this from the houses within our view, since the most dangerous hours were around peak ebb midnight, when with her ends on the edge of one hummock each, we saw over 5' of clear night air between her straight keel and the mud below. Both spooky and awesome a sight under moonlight, with growing relief that those mud islands held firm due to the roots that had built up across decades, perhaps even centuries, of growth. We'll never know how close to terminal grief we had put *Resolution*, our home, Phil's office, poking her into waters we knew like the back of our hands, this time murky after heavy rains and approaching just after peak tide, meaning with no margin to back her off the hummocks.

While *Anne Rowe's* pain can be found online in full color details, any reference to our close call only exists from now on in these pages here, in your heads, and burnt into my how could we do this brain department.

Just as this article goes out the door, I saw *Anne Rowe* here in Gloucester in indeed a heated shed cloaked in heat retaining curtains, with lights, noises, progress. She'll be at work again soon.



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

Two key connection points between your electronic devices and the Web are the modem and, if you have more than one device connected in a LAN, a router. If either fails, your connection to your Internet Service Provider (ISP) may be lost. If the modem fails, your connection is definitely lost. If the router fails, you can usually bypass it and get the connection back. Over Thanksgiving a "denial of service" attack was launched on a certain make and model of modem. All connections through that make/model modem to the ISP and thus to the Web stopped working. In some manner, the firmware* was modified to disable the modem. For those of us on land, it was a very inconvenient situation. Everyone affected had to get the modem repaired/replaced before they could get back on the Web. If you were on a boat offshore, your connection was down until you could get back to shore and the modem repaired/replaced. This event suggests that this is one of those things it might be a good idea to have a backup means for continuing operations.

There is a app for this and an app for that. My neighbor in Tallahassee has one that starts the car and gets the engine warmed up before anyone leaves the house. It is reported that some people have the same type of arrangement for their boats. A growing problem, according to some sources, is the ability of someone else to use the same type of app to start your car or boat and then leave with same. There is also the concern about hacking inhouse (or inboat) appliances and security arrangements because of the weak (or nonexistent) security associated with these devices. Oh, for the old days of a simple lock and key arrangement.

Those boating offshore (or hiking in the middle of nowhere) may soon have access to the Web and cell phone coverage (mini cell towers in the sky) worldwide if the plans of Facebook's Aquila project and Google's X Loon project come to pass. Facebook is planning to use solar powered vehicles cruising between 60,000' and 90,000' to act as communication points, while Google is planning to use a lot of maneuverable balloons above 60,000' for the same purpose The idea is to avoid the cost of satellites and allow the devices to be brought down for maintenance and upgrades. My question is what is going to keep one device from running into the other?

Some time back I saw an article on a shallow water propulsion system that "waved" a flat/flexible board in the manner of a whale's tail to move boats through shallow/debris filled water. The idea is still being worked on and one proposal is a special propeller system called the "Swamp Shark Drive." The picture of the system looks like a surface prop taken to the extreme.

A shallow water boat that used to be prevalent along the Gulf Coast was the mullet skiff. This boat had the outboard motor mounted as far forward as possible. Visualize an outboard motor well about 6' aft of the bow. Of course, the bow and forward section were constructed to carry the weight of the motor and the profile of this type of boat was unique and very recognizable. It was used in canals and along the shore where the long net was flaked in the stern of the boat and slid over the stern when used (the reason the motor was forward). When the shore watcher signaled, the boat operator started off from shore and surrounded the school of mullet with the net streaming out of the stern of the boat. The operator shut down and pulled up the motor before beaching the boat. All those involved then pulled in the net. The net was designed with floats on top and weight along the bottom. The size of the mesh let most of the small mullet through and those not of market size were tossed back as the net came ashore and the mullet were gathered for processing. For shallow, sheltered water this boat design was very useful. Oh yes, with no winches or other gear, this method of catching mullet was very labor intensive (and hard work).

"Your brake lights are not working!" Such was the information given to me at a traffic light. With old cars it can be the switch, the wiring or the light bulb. After checking the obvious it was off to the shop (I do not fit under the dash anymore). How well are your boat's lights working? When we still had the Sisu 26, a once a month exercise was to go down the boat after sunset and turn on the various lights to see if all was well. Every so often one of the running lights would not come on. Inspection usually showed corrosion at the bulb/socket connection. Removing the bulb, cleaning out the socket and putting things back together resulted in a glowing running light. When planning a trip that will not end until after sunset, it might be a good idea to check things out before leaving the float. You do have spare bulbs for your lights on board?

Everyone has his favorite collection of tools for on the boat. I have seen a number of articles in boating magazines on the subject. All the articles are well done and contain useful information. How about the non tool box? I mean for such things as the flyswatter (is it in good condition?), the collection of small stuff for tying things up (tape dental floss anyone?), a piece of stiff steel rod for poking at things (a coat hanger?), the stick with a hook to check the float switch without climbing into the bilge and other such odd and ends kept out of the way but ready to use (a deck of playing cards for when all else fails). One of the more interesting emergency repairs I saw was the use of a number of nylon wire ties strung together and secured as tightly as possible around the hose as a replacement hose clamp on an exhaust system. The repair was definitely temporary, but it worked.

*Firmware is a programming method that is written to a hardware device's nonvolatile memory. As such, hardware makers use embedded firmware to control the functions of various hardware devices and systems, much like a computer's operating system controls the function of software applications.

Builders & Restorers

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

Custom Small Boats

Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.

15 Wiley's Corner Rd. St. George, ME 04860
207-372-8543

Custom Wooden Boat Building & Restoration

10/6" Yacht Tender Elegant
E-mail woodboats@msn.com
Blog
http:://blackguillemot.wordpress.com/

Arey's Pond

Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

Proud Builders of Arey's Pond Catboats

14' Cat – 16' Lynx Cabin
16' Lynx Open – 16' Launch
18' Daysailer
20' Cruising Cat
21' Launch
Traditional Elegance
All boats built to the highest standards.
Hulls are wood or fiberglass with teak or mahogany trim.
Solid bronze hardware,
Sitka spruce spars.

Brokerage Boat Sales
APBY Sailing School
Mooring Rentals and Storage

Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
www.areyspondboatyard

Quality Restoration and Repair

Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009
www.southportislandmarine.com

Old Wharf Dory

EST. 1977
WELLFLEET

Wooden Boats Built to Order
Row, Power, or Sail – Phil Bolger Designs
Bare Hulls, Complete Boats
Lumber Yard Skiff Plans,
Shoal Draft Our Specialty
Check Out My Website

www.oldwharf.com

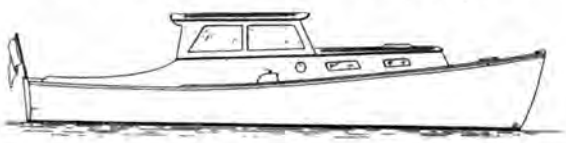
Or Give Me a Call at (508) 349 2383
Walter Baron, Boatbuilder
170 Old Chequessett Neck Rd, Wellfleet, MA 02667

Quality Restoration and Repair

Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009
www.southportislandmarine.com

Hadden Boat Company

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



Launched September 2012
36' Vinnie Cavanaugh Replica
www.haddenboat.com
11Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548
(207) 371-2662

ARCH DAVIS DESIGN

Call or e mail
Arch Davis at 207 930 9873
archdavis@myfairpoint.net
37 Doak Rd. Belfast, ME 04915
www.archdavisdesigns.com

Penobscot 13,sailing and rowing skiff, little sister to the well known Penobscot 14. Glued lapstrake construction. 12'9"x4'3". 120pounds. Rowing version $4,450.00. Sailing rigs available.

Supplies

CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE

Sail/Row Skiff, this caught my eye & I bought it for $500 just to investigate. Should be a very pleasant boat to row & sail. I found that it wasn't well set up for either activity. It needs gunwale pads to raise the oarlocks 1.5". It needs a plug for the c/b trunk to keep the rower dry. It needed a bridle w/a sliding ring to lead the sheet aft & then to hand, which I provided. It needs decent oars (it had none; I have provided clumsy ones.) Finally I'd want a trailer for it. The one in photo has another job. I painted the topsides which were pink and green. I think I deserve a reward for discovery & resurrection of a charming classic, amateurishly well-built. $775.
MASON SMITH, Long Lake, NY, (518) 624 6398. (3)

Wilderness Systems 2002 Pamlico Tandem, can be adjusted to single. HiViz Lime, 14'6" x 29.25", 70#, 400# capacity, 6'10" cockpit length x 19.75" width. Lots of cargo space. Inflatable flotation bag, Phase3 seats (adjustable every whichaway). W/Expedition 230 & Seaclude 230 Paddles. Original total $985+T, current total about $1,250. Used to drop from ceiling onto low Volvo wagon. Now, with SUV, won't fit out the door! Age precludes muscling. ExCon: $600. She lies Tampa, FL. Can send jpgs.
IRWIN SCHUSTER, Tampa, FL, Irwin.schuster@verizon.net (2)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

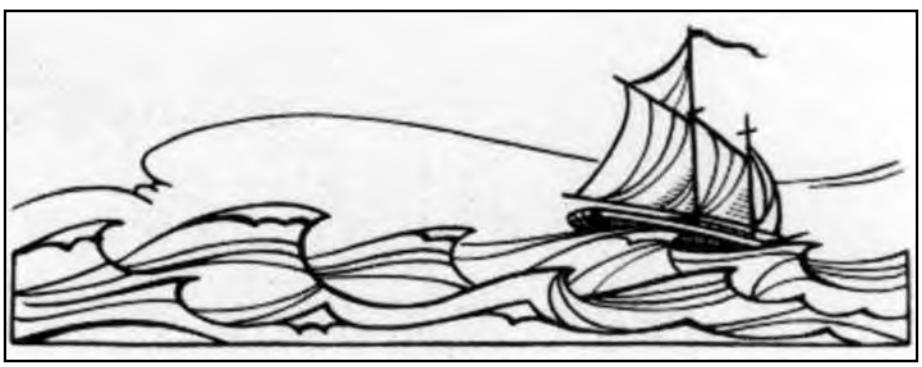
Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of $8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.

Sailing Skiff, $425, OBO. shortened Weekend Skiff, attractive lap ply sides, glassed epoxy joints, well built at the Buffalo Maritime Center in good to VGC. Some slight scratches from light use. Can easily be set up to row with a pair of locks. Just under 12'. Weight approx.. 60-70lbs. Has poly arp sails & incl mast, spar, all necessary to sail. Several available. Inq for additional info & photos.
GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY, grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com (2)



Whitehall Tender, 10'loa, 4'2" beam, hourglass stern. FG. Oars & oarlocks. Rows like a dream or will take a trolling engine or a light hp engine. Asking $975 or BOA.
RON HARRISON, Salem, MA, (978) 744-2578, subman2@earthlink.net, Boat for Sale on Subject line. (3)

South Coast 23 Sailboat, masthead sloop, long keel hull, Carl Alberg design. On 4-axle trlr, o/b power. $500.
JULIUS BUTKUS, Chicago, IL, (733) 899-1067, juliusrutenis8@gmail.com (3)

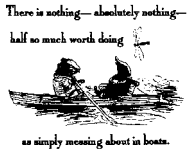
Rowing Fleet & Gear, Ibex Racing Shell, $300. Pocock Gig, $250. Innes Gig, newly renovated, fg over cedar, $250. Innes Racing Shell, $200. 1 pr CF Hatchet Blades, $100. 3 pr Wooden Sculls, $50/pr. Located Pelham, NY (NYC Area).
GENE LOVELESS, Tuckahoe, NY, (914) 793-1274. (3)

BOATS WANTED

Hirondelle Sailing Catamaran MK1 or MK2, w/ trlr, both in gd cond. Will pay more for a pristine boat & trailer ready to use.
TOM WESSON, (662) 401-9588 (ask for TW), twhasfun@nexband.com (3)

GEAR FOR SALE

MARINE EPOXY 1:1 MIX, easy to use, no blush, no sanding, low viscosity, flexible. Silicon bronze fasteners, fiberglass, flotation foam. Website: wwwclarkcraft.com. Free How To Catalog.
CLARK CRAFT, (716) 873-2640, e-mail:clarkcraft@localnet.com (5)



Famous Quotation & Illustration from The Wind in the Willows
Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. Tee Shirts, Long Sleeve Tees, Sweatshirts, and Tote Bags. Order on-line or by mail. Visit www.messingabout.com for more info or to print an order form.
THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20901 (301) 589-9391 (voice mail only)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

BOAT KITS PLANS PATTERNS. 200+ designs on our website @ www.clarkcraft.com. Free How To Booklet.
CLARK CRAFT, (716) 8732640, e-mail: clarkcraft@localnet.com. (5)

IMAGINE THE PRIDE YOU'LL FEEL on the water in a boat built with your own two hands. Send $9.95 for Book of Boat Designs describing 300 boats you can build.
GLEN-L, 9152 Rosecrans Ave, Bellflower, CA 90706, (888) 700-5007, www.Glen-L.com/MA (online catalog) (12)

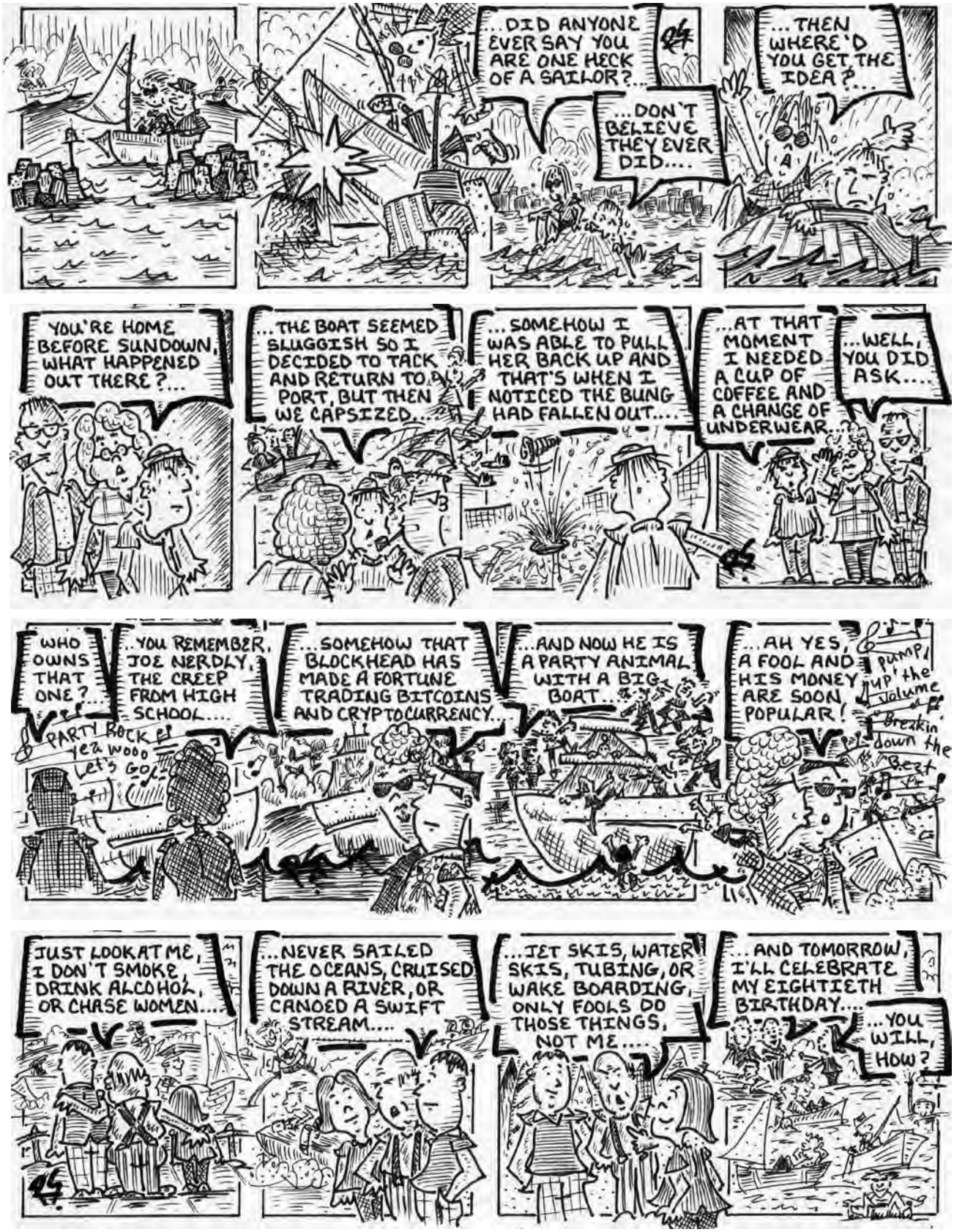
BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Wanted: ***Boat Building in Your Own Backyard,*** 1st Edition 1946 only by S.S. Rabl. If this isn't possible a photocopy of the 17' Buzz Bomb O/B Motor Cruiser design plans in that edition.
RICHARD RAMSEY, 3007 Prairie Grove Dr., Ft. Wayne, IN 46809, (260) 445-9937, rwramsey8@gmail.com (3)

Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

Sailormen at Play...or Maybe Not!



messing about in BOATS
29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906
POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

PRSRT STD
US POSTAGE PAID

PERMIT

218

Sometimes our ads crawl up our back leg and jump into our pocket. This is one such ad. Normally our website gets 300 hits per day. Two weeks ago we noticed 3,000 hits overnight. We did some investigating and found that someone named Tim Ferriss mentioned us on his blog. In truth, we didn't know who he was. Or how massive was his following. We soon learned. Turns out he is one of the most popular bloggers and podcasters in the world. Books, videos, personal presentations, on and on. Go look him up on Wikipedia… fascinating guy.

He asked 100 of his *Tribe of Mentors*, "What purchase of $100 or less has most positively impacted your life in the last six months?"

Commentators as diverse as Arianna Huffington, Whitney Cummings, Stephanie McMahon and Ben Stiller described apps, night-masks and bits of technology that they loved. Our boy, Tom Peters, one of the best known business consultants in the world, quite ignored those instructions. He wrote about his 14' Vermont Fishing Dory, $5,000 +/-. "I love to row. And I've been doing it since about age five. I don't mean competitive rowing — I mean jumping into a rowboat and spending an hour or two on a river. I grew up on the Severn River, near Annapolis. After 60 years of row-row-row your boat, I discovered paradise: My sleek, light Vermont Fishing Dory The maker is Adirondack Guide Boat of North Ferrisburgh, Vermont. (FYI: It was a lot more than $100 . . . but it sure as heck was my favorite purchase in a long, long time.)